THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

AUG. 25, '06 5c. THE COPY

Articles and Stories by

Alfred Henry Lewis, F. Hopkinson Smith, Will Payne, Robert W. Chambers and Ernest Poole

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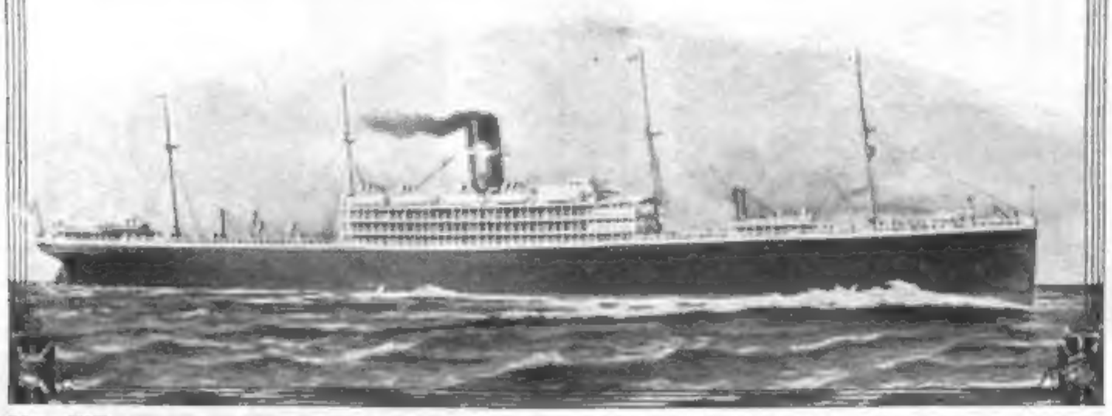

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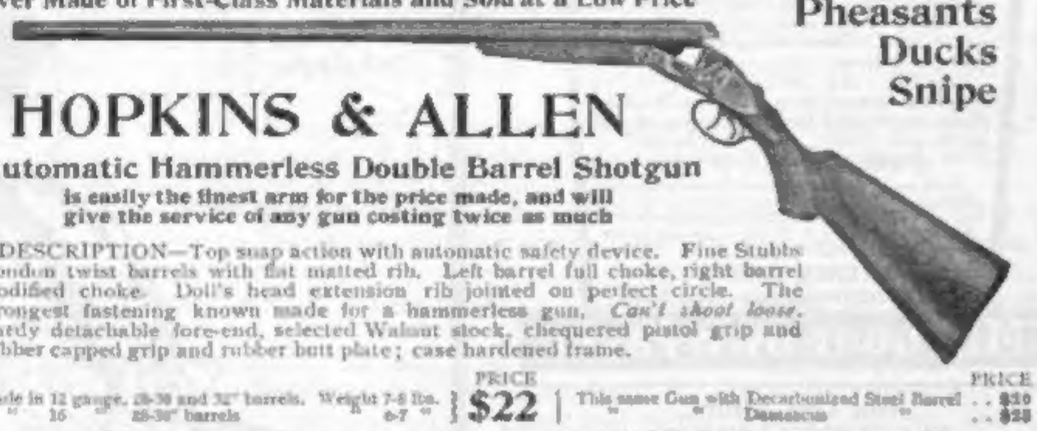

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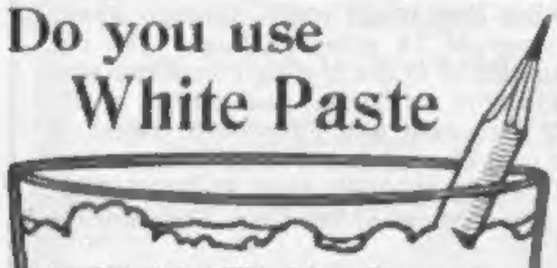

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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A Brief History

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest journal of any kind that is issued to-day from the American press. Its history may be traced back in a continuous, unbroken line to the days when young Benjamin Franklin edited and printed the old Pennsylvania Gazette. In nearly one hundred and eighty years there has been hardly a week—save only while the British army held Philadelphia and patriotic printers were in exile—when the magazine has not been issued.

During Christmas week, 1728, Samuel Keimer began its publication under the title of the Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette. In less than a year he sold it to Benjamin Franklin, who, on October 2, 1729, issued the first copy under the name of the Pennsylvania Gazette. Franklin sold his share in the magazine to David Hall, his partner, in 1765. In 1803 the grandson of David Hall became its publisher. When he died, in 1821, his partner, Samuel C. Atkinson, formed an alliance with Charles Alexander, and in the summer of that year they changed the title of the Gazette to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Yellers

"Nassau Hall," explains Wallace Irwin in our next week's issue, "was so stoutly made as to withstand the sermons of Rev. Jonathan Edwards, the cannonading of the Hessian troops and the destructive locomotive yell which annually rips up three miles of the track along the Princeton spur of the Pennsylvania Railroad." It was the Mosquito Indians who taught Princetonians how to yell and today recitations are conducted on the yelling system.
In this article Mr. Irwin probes deeply with his muck-rake and exploits "the cruel, the tigerishly cruel system" of Princeton: Frenzied but Unashamed. Every Princetonian who ever yelled—and that means all Princeton men—will read with joy the biographies of Hogg, who came from Kansas and could drop-kick a football through the vortex of a cyclone, and his chum, Ferdinand Van Goldenbit, of New York, who eventually was caught conspiring with the Beet Sugar Trust and was sentenced to serve a life-term in the United States Senate.

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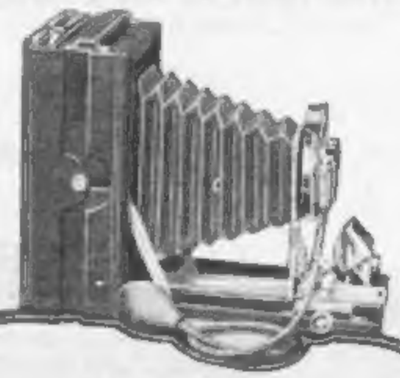

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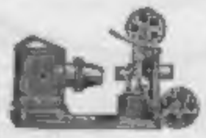

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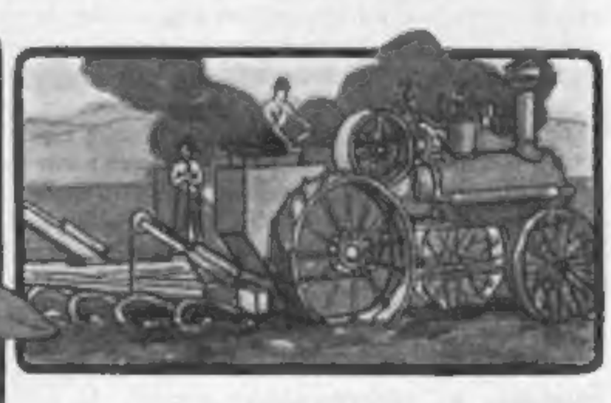
MAJOR BENSON

A SUNFLOWER STATESMAN



By Alfred Henry Lewis

SENATOR BENSON, of Kansas—called variously Major Benson and Judge Benson at home, according to the Ottawa taste of what gentleman addresses him—is the more recent of Sunflower Senators. In the last month of last session Major Benson came to Washington by appointment from Governor Hoch.

The resignation of his predecessor, Senator Burton, had created a vacancy. Not that Senator Burton abandoned the Senate as something too mean for him; but the public called him to another and a different service. After he had held his Senate place for a space, his countrymen discovered that they preferred to have him in jail. Thereupon, realizing that he was not capable, like Sir Boyle Roche's bird, "of being in two places at once," Senator Burton sent in his resignation to the Governor, who, without protest, accepted it.

Recently, I had the honor to be at dinner with Major Benson. The object of the meeting was not wholly prandial; I was present for the purpose of this article.

The Major himself was aware of my commission, and began by a reference thereunto.

"This being written up is new to me," he said. "Would it be improper if I asked what sort of article you are to write?"

"No impropriety," said I. "My instructions are to look at and listen to you, and write what I see and hear."

"Well," he remarked judicially, "no one in my position can object to that."

"No," I responded; "it would be preposterous to suppose that any one can come to the Senate and keep it a secret."

This bit of conversation came in with the clams. I purposed waiting until fish before I put any serious question. During the era of soup I would confine investigation to the eye.

This plan was but wisdom. Major Benson, throughout the arduous afternoon, had been listening to the Rate-Bill eloquence of his colleague, Long, the senior Sunflower Senator, elucidating that measure in divers pipe-line particulars, and he was not only hungry but weary. He is a bad interviewer, and misunderstands his art, who pulls the inquiring corkscrew on folk tired and unfed. If he be wise in his journalistic generation he will postpone curiosity until the victim be at least partially filled. Naturalists have never explained the phenomenon, yet it is none the less a truth that gentlemen unbuckled, and at after-dinner ease, speak freely of matters reference to which in surly, undined moments they lock fast behind their undisclosing lips. We shall see how this philosophy worked out in the communicative instance of Major Benson.

While waiting for that frankness which should come with fish, a brief picture of Major Benson might be tolerated, together with a scrap or two of biographical kind. The Major is on the sundown side of sixty. There is no thought of baldness; his hair, grown gray in service, has stuck loyally by its post. His beard, shot with gray, knows no mowing touch of razor, but is kept in orderly reserve by subduing shears. His eye is kindly, and something human and fetching gleams therein.

In person small, with no suggestion of adipose, the one big thing about Major Benson is his honesty. Ah, that honesty! It fences him about, envelops him like an atmosphere, embellishes him like a jewel! It is the first thing one notices, the last thing one forgets. It is indubitable, impregnable, not to be scaled, is that honesty; and convinces that here will be no raw material for the muck-rakes.

Speaking of muck-rakes, let me step aside from the trail of this story to certain views and feelings which I entertain on that John Bunyan point. Since President Roosevelt brought up the business, I have striven—confining myself to Senate and Senators—to recall any grave deed of muck-rake injustice that has occurred in my time. I must say, as the result of such effort, that if in my narrow hour there has been a case of Senatorial innocence assailed, it got by me in the night. Assuredly I can lay the finger of memory on none. I am obliged to repeat, what I recently printed in another page than this: "I was once young—as a muck-raker—and am now old; but I have never seen the righteous official forsaken, nor the upright Senator raked as muck."

Macaulay had a weakness for taking up one subject and writing about another, in which literary trick the gifted Scotchman recalled the grazing habits of Josh Billings' famous mule. The philosopher, when he wanted to put the mule into a pasture, used to turn him into the one next to it, and let him jump the fence. I shall seize on those honorable precedents of Macaulay and the mule, and follow for the moment their examples.

Congress has adjourned; the Senate in its reverend membership has dispersed to its ninety homes. With no purpose of muck-raking, I may say a word, I think, as to why the Senate finds itself the so frequent and favored target of rock-throwers in newspapers and magazines.

The Senate, whether it knows it or no, is vastly the author of its own griefs. It should take a good hard corrective look at itself in the glass. It is at once the least respected and most unpopular wheel of government; and, for that double unpopularity, it has no one save itself to thank.

From cradlehood it has nursed a manner of snub and insult toward the world at large. It mistook a snorting, nose-tossing uppishness for the mark of greatness, and, in trying to be dignified, succeeded only in becoming insolent.

The first Senate that ever sat locked its doors in the faces of mankind. Its sessions were too sacred for the common vulgar eye and ear. A parcel of pagan priests, about the working of their pretended wonders, could not have been more haughtily exclusive.

It was Aaron Burr who fought open the Senate doors, so that the public might look on its own business. On that issue of "Open Senate" he defeated his predecessor, General Schuyler, against all that money, backed by the intriguing genius of Hamilton, and the expressed preference of Washington, could do. Since that hour the Senate has not locked its doors; but it saved the point, and clung to what "dignity" lies latent in bolts and bars, by "executive sessions."

At impressive intervals, say three times a day, some togaed personage arises and remarks:

"Move the Senate go into executive session!"

Thereupon the bells ring, the onlookers are hustled clatteringly from the galleries, and the doors are closed.

There is a world of affectation in this. Not more than once in a session does any Senator say aught that the public should not hear; and then it is something which the Senator himself ought not to say. It is this door-slamming, blind-drawing, keyhole-stuffing secrecy which, among other matters, invites the muck-raker. He cannot understand that such airs of exclusion and seclusion have no source other than just the cheap vanity of the Senate itself.

The muck-raker is excessively human. What he knows is that he was driven from his gallery perch—where he had come on his own business, and to observe his servants in the Senate below transact, not their affairs but his—and he makes the natural deduction. He realizes that, properly counted, there should be but two keys to go with government—one to the treasury, one to the jail—and he cannot avoid the conclusion, when the Senate thus gratuitously and improperly adds a third key to the list, that it is about some enterprise which it is afraid or ashamed to throw open to the light of day. People engaged upon good works need no locks; those whose works are evil cannot do without them. The Senate, conducting its labors in the dark, should not feel amazement when a barred-out public concludes that oaths are being violated, honest interests being slaughtered, and, generally speaking, ebon villainy is afoot.

When his architect asked the noble Drusus how he would have his house built, he answered:

"So that every Roman may witness the least act of my life."

The recommendation will be thrown away, and yet I cannot avoid suggesting that the Senate might profit by the Consul's example. Assuredly, if it did so, and, instead of hiding and skulking and scowling and prowling, and carrying the public's destinies off into those secret corners of executive sessions, pretending to mend them while making them worse, there would be not only a deal less muck-raking, but a deal less muck to rake.

And the Senate does other foolish things, which have for their first and sure effect the drawing of the public's horns its way. It will quarrel with a proposal to appropriate $25,000 for the White House, and then spend, exclusive of its personal salary of $495,000, an annual $900,000 upon itself. While it buys itself manicure sets at six dollars and chatelaine bags at eleven dollars each, and so through a wondrous list which, beginning with the "Anniston Hot Blast"—whatever that may be—for Senator Morgan at five dollars, goes on and on and on and on through "toothache wax" and "corkscrew knives" until it rounds out those $900,000 with "Senator Bailey: For commutation of allowance for stationery and newspapers for the fiscal year, $57.04," and "$90.60" to Senator Tillman on a similar commutation-stationery argument, it should not permit itself to be too deeply shocked by the disbursements of other departments. Folk who swallow camels must not strain at gnats. Also they should go to the Scriptures concerning motes and beams and eyes. Those that prate of economy ought to practice economy, and Senators who annually vote through such items as "One month's extra pay to officers, clerks, etc., $62,300.70" excite suspicion as hypocrites when thundering against the expenses of a White House where, to say least, no one works twelve months in twenty-four and gets paid for twenty-six. Possibly such experienced explanationists as Senators Bailey and Tillman can make clear that "One month's extra pay" in its innocuousness, as well as the pure propriety in their personal instances of those respective items for "$57.04" and "$90.60." For myself, however, as a blinded muck-raker, I confess that they baffle me to a standstill. I cannot dodge the feeling that, whether for much or for little, they are the merest registrations of muck.

The late Mr. Blaine alluded to the late Mr. Conkling as possessing a "turkey-gobbler strut." If he had drawn that tail-spreading picture of the Senate as a whole he would have been as happy. The Senate is perennially the gobbler. It struts in its attitude toward the White House, the House of Representatives, and every other department of government. It struts toward you and me. Get into a Senate elevator, and, if a Senator be aboard with a wish to go to a floor above or a floor below the one on which you have fastened your desires, you will be whisked by your own destination without apology or explanation. Should another Senator come aboard, you may be whisked by again. This condition of whisk, too high or too low, may persist indefinitely, contingent on the getting on and off of reverend Senators.

A Prophet with Honor

I MIGHT give a score of further instances; but soup is half through, and I must hurry back to Major Benson, and be ready for that verbosity which I am confident will come with fish. As man and citizen, too much may not be said in favor of Major Benson. Like most Kansans of years and eminence, he was born beyond the borders of that commonwealth. He had New York emanation, and went from Jamestown, that State, to Kansas in 1869. Horace Greeley was crying—as one crying in the wilderness—"Go West, young man, go West!" and our young emigrant found his Kansas inspiration in the wood-chopper of Chappaqua. He went, opened a law office in Ottawa, and has been there ever since.

Having seen the new land, and knowing it to be good, Major Benson, following a two-years' residence, returned briefly but importantly to the Jamestown theatre of his youth. Importantly, because it was for a wife that he turned back; briefly, since he no sooner found himself a married man than, with Madam Benson on his arm, he set proudly forth again for far-off Ottawa.

It is easy to understand why Kansas, upon the advent of Major Benson, should quickly grant him foothold in both her confidence and her heart. More than most regions, the Kansas of that hour rocked and heaved with the ground-swells of late war. And Major Benson had been a soldier—a true soldier; for he went in a private to emerge major of his regiment. No braver, no better, followed Sherman to Savannah, and that march through Georgia was enough of itself to upbuild a Sunflower popularity.

To show that Major Benson was popular there exists multiplied proof. In those early days, Kansas, when a man lapsed into the unpopular, either lynched him or "ran him out." If, on the other hand, he waxed popular, it elevated him to office. Major Benson has not only remained in Ottawa—his first camp—for more than the third of a century, but he has been variously mayor, legislator and judge. Wherefore, one is at liberty to argue that he must have been—and must be—loved of the public.

If I were asked to lay out in natural procession what attributes are dominant in Major Benson, I would begin—as I did above—by naming his honesty. That honesty is the cornerstone of the man. He stands on it, like a statue on its pedestal. More than any other trait, it lifts him above the heads of the press. It is that fashion of honesty which makes safe the dower of the widow, the inheritance of the orphan, and is never so actively jealous as when watching over the fortunes of the defenseless and the weak. It is not the honesty which heaps up dollars for its owner, and a man of the world would be more apt to ask Major Benson to be his executor than his partner.

If there were naught to Major Benson but his honesty, he might look for Senate failure. Admirable of itself, there be enterprises, such as bridge whist and lawmaking, wherein mere honesty cannot be called a complete equipment. But the story of our new Sunflower statesman does not end with his honesty. Somewhere beneath his bland, kindly, unassertive exterior must hide the iron of inflexible purpose. Indubitably he is brave; for otherwise, in an army of brave men, on a march that would have tried a Xenophon, he could never have exchanged his musket for a sword, nor adorned the blouse of a private with the epaulettes of a major.

For all that, the bravery which wins military promotion may be of the flashing, blazing, dashing, sudden, short-lived kind, like a fire builded of straw. The courage of Major Benson is plainly of a deeper and more urgent root. In a State ridden hard of railroads, no one than himself is more warmly loathed by railroads. His successor will be elected and, bar the unforeseen and unforeseeable, come to Washington in early January. Besides Major Benson there are a round half-dozen who will be presented for the place. Such names as Curtis, and Coburn, and Campbell, and Calderhead, and Bristow, and Stubbs are to be offered. And among all who will be heard of, the name of "Benson" will taste most bitter in the railroad mouth. It is by this sign I know the latter for a courage as stubborn and bendless as an oak.

Not Loved by the Railroads

HOW often, as judge or mayor or State legislator at Topeka, must he have opposed himself in the paths of railroad purpose—as obdurate as any stone post—before he earned the praise which is the sober inference of unstinted railroad hatred! If, on the principle announced by the oratorical Bragg, of Wisconsin, we are to love folk for the enemies they make, there is not a railroad-ridden man in railroad-ridden Kansas who should not love Major Benson.

Fish appears—the moment of frankness, promised of philosophy, has arrived.

It now becomes my disagreeable duty to record that Major Benson would not talk. I slid question after question at him, slid them gently so as to minimize suspicion and alarm. Wise, kindly, genial, he beamed throughout the moderate cannonading of my curiosity, but retorted not in words. Or if now and then an answer came, it was monosyllabic, and in response to a query which was as nothing.

In the end I was somewhat driven to bay; I began to wonder a trifle at all this taciturnity. Could it be that Major Benson was without conversation? His plain, unemphasized exterior inclined me for the moment to this thought. Better reflection, however, taught me the fallacy of such assumption. A quiet outward husk promises no loss of voice. Some of the ugliest folk—ladies—I've ever beheld were woundy conversationalists. The dull eggs of the nightingale inclose the melodies of the moon. I put away the notion that Major Benson couldn't talk. I was no better off at that; since it came to be no more than just substituting "wouldn't" for "couldn't," with a net result of naught.

The last is not wholly true. Collecting all Major Benson's answers and combining them, I am able to report the following discoveries, which, while wanting perhaps in any element of thrill, are good so far as they go. Major Benson will be a candidate before the coming legislature at Topeka. He is modestly hopeful of victory. Defeat will not break his heart. His opponents—as saith Mark Antony—are all, all honorable men. There will be no acrimony in that seven-sided war. The campaign will go as sweetly smooth and smoothly sweet as the rocking of an infant's cradle. As to his policies, why then rebates must be stricken down. The railroads must not be allowed to slip their collars as servants of the public, to become tyrants of the public.

In railroad reform—to coin a phrase—Major Benson is inclined to follow the banners of Mr. Roosevelt. In his three weeks of Senate life he voted with the White House on Beef, on Canal, on Railroads, on the $25,000 appropriation to cover a Presidential excursiveness. Concerning the last, Major Benson was splendidly, abundantly clear. If it be publicly well to send committees of Congress hither and yon on junkets of discovery, how much more prudent will it be to send on similar journeys a President, whose veto as a force of legislation equals a Congressional two-thirds.

Major Benson laid stress on this: The great question in Kansas is the question of railroads. In the one devastating element of rebate pillage they are a hundredfold worse than an Indian uprising. A remedy must be found. They must be Congressionally subdued, and put back on those reservations of justice and impartiality toward shippers originally prescribed for them in the law.

These were but glittering generalities. Major Benson had said nothing to startle a world in its midsummer nap. Thinking to strike a vein of interesting bitterness, I asked how, upon his coming to Washington, his fellow-Senators had received him. I was not without hopes; for in the past one would have fared better if cast away on some savage island than sent new to our rock-bound, sullen Senate shores.

Again I encountered disappointment. The grim oldsters had met Major Benson with open arms. If he had been a sick kitten and they a hot brick, the instant *rapport*—I think that is what the French call it—could not have been more complete.

It is unbecoming to lecture one's senior. It is more unbecoming when one's senior is a stranger and a Senator. Still, what was I to do? There were an entrée, a bird and a salad to hear from, to say naught of coffee, Camembert and toasted crackers. Major Benson and I couldn't be left staring at one another like a couple of inimical cats. Wherefore, since he sat silent, I resolved to do some talking myself. Perchance one of my flinty utterances might strike a responsive spark from the steel of his taciturnity, and conversation blaze unexpectedly up.

Thus reflecting I spake as follows: I began by craving to know if he meditated the introduction of any bills.

He did not. Like Brer Rabbit, he purposed—Senately speaking—lying low.

Then I asked if he believed in an income tax.

He responded—guarding himself the while against unexpected thrusts—that it was an honest scheme of taxation, one freighted of justice.

"Why, then," I inquired, "do you not offer a bill providing for an income tax? You could do it in December when Congress reconvenes."

In response he pointed to the decision of the Supreme Court. If an income tax is unconstitutional, the first step should be an amendment to that time-stained parchment. Such amendments are not creatures to be dealt with and disposed of in a day. December would be too short for such an enterprise. And, after all, he might not be returned.

Senatorial Modesty and States' Rights

"BUT," I urged, "it would be—a pending bill of that character—a reason for returning you. Besides, I shouldn't, were I adorning a seat in the Senate, bother with the Constitution. It would inevitably excite Senator Bailey, which, as far as possible, should be avoided."

Major Benson listened, smiled said naught. Being crowded, he submitted that, as a new Senator, his should be the pose modest.

Here I delivered a second oration, aimed against Senate modesty. There could be, properly speaking, no such thing as modesty in an agent. Senators, new as well as old, too much carried themselves on the backs of their own regards. They looked in the mirror when they ought to have looked at a map, and forgot that it was their States, not themselves, that had come to the Senate. Kansas was as much a member of the union of States, of standing as full, as Maine or New York or Texas or Georgia. It was not a question of modesty, but of right. It was a Senator's first duty to forget himself, and remember only his principal—his State. And he ought never to talk of modesty, or humility, or deference in presenting her claims. She was the equal of any; he abandoned his duty, and permitted her to fall below her rightful station, who as Senator sat mute on a no better plea than that it would appear personally immodest were he to loudly speak out. I recalled another Kansas day, when her seats in the Senate held a Plumb and an Ingalls. The former cared no more for convention than a cow for a cobweb; he followed a Kansas interest wherever it led him, though he knocked down half the Senate in his wanderings. The latter—all beak and talon—a shrill falcon of debate—from his seat swooped at either Senator or subject, as he saw Kansas reason so to do. There was no Plumb humility, no Ingalls modesty, but, instead, a world of Senate respect for everything that wore the Kansas brand.

After final coffee and cigars—albeit I did the smoking—Major Benson and I separated. He was still unmoved, still determined to sit Senately mute and modest.

And there, if anywhere, will be found the loose screw in the Senate case of Major Benson. There is no doubt of his brains, none of his courage, none of his honesty. He will in no wise add to the muck that is raked. But he lacks in the affirmative, the aggressive, in those quills which make even the lowly porcupine important, and teach bears and panthers, once his hedgepigship has wrapped himself about a proposition, to give him his uninterfered-with way. Major Benson will follow, not lead; only his leader must be honest, and lead toward right. Above all things he will be modest; and it is that modesty which may be counted upon to get between the heels of his potentialities and trip them up. Modesty is in all places beautiful, but in the Senate ineffective. Also it is in the Senate thrown away—as though one pelted a pig with pearls.

MISS JENNINGS' COMPANION

The Law and the Woman

By F. Hopkinson Smith

THE big Liner slowed down and dropped anchor inside the Breakwater. Sweeping toward her, pushing the white foam in long lines from her bow, her flag of black smoke trailing behind, came the company's tender—out from Cherbourg with passengers.

Under the big Liner's upper deck, along its top rail, was strung a row of heads watching her approach—old heads—young heads—middle-aged heads—Miss Jennings' among these last—their eyes taking in the grim Breakwater with its beacon light, the frowning casemates specked with sentinels, and the line of the distant city blurred with masts and spent steam. They saw, too, from their height (they could look down the tender's smokestack) the sturdy figure of her Captain, his white cap in relief against the green sea, and below him the flat mass of people, their upturned faces so many pats of color on a dark canvas.

With the hauling taut and making fast of the fore and aft hawsers, a group of sailors broke away from the flat mass and began tugging at the gangplank, lifting it into position, the boatswain's orders ringing clear. Another group stripped off the tarpaulins from the piles of luggage, and a third—the gangplank in place—swarmed about the heaps of trunks, shouldering the separate pieces as ants shoulder grains of sand, then scurrying toward the tender's rail, where other ants reached down and relieved them of their loads.

The mass below now took on the shape of a funnel, its spout resting on the edge of the gangplank, from out which poured a steady stream of people up and over the Liner's side.

Two decks below where Miss Jennings and her fellow-travelers craned their necks—beneath the haze of the sulphurous smoke—other sights came into view. Here not only the funnel-shaped mass could be seen, but the faces of the individuals composing it, as well as their nationality and class; whether first, second or steerage. Here, too, was the line of stewards reaching out with open hands, relieving the passengers of their small belongings; and the First Officer in white gloves and gold lace bowing to those he knew and smiling at the others; and here too was a smooth-shaven, closely-knit young man in dark clothes and derby hat, who stood just behind the First Officer, and whose eyes followed the movements of each and every one of the passengers from the moment their feet touched the gangplank until they had disappeared in charge of the stewards.

These voyagers made a motley group: first a stout American with two pretty daughters; then a young Frenchman and his valet; then a Sister of Charity draped in black, her close-fitting, white, starched cap and broad white collar framing her face, one hand clutching the rope rail as she stepped feebly toward the steamer, the other grasping a bandbox, her only luggage; next some college boys in twos and threes, and then the rest of the hurrying mass, followed close by a herd of emigrants crowding and stumbling like sheep, the men with pillow-case bundles over their backs, the women with babies muffled in shawls.

When the last passenger was aboard, the closely-knit young man leaned forward and said in a low voice to the First Officer:

"He's not in this bunch."

"Sure?"

"Yes—dead sure."

"Where will you look for him now, Hobson?" continued the officer.

"Paris, maybe. I told the Chief we wouldn't get anywhere on this lead. Well, so long"—and the closely-knit young man swung himself down the gangplank and disappeared into the cabin of the tender.

The scenes on the gangplank were now repeated on the steamer. The old travelers, whose hand luggage had been properly numbered, gave themselves no concern—the stewards would look after their belongings. The new travelers—the Sister of Charity among them—wandered about asking questions that for the moment no one had time to answer. She, poor soul, had spent her life in restful places, and the in-rush of passengers and their proper bestowal seemed to have completely dazed her.

"Can I help you?" asked the First Officer—everybody is ready to help a Sister, no matter what his rank or how pressing his duties.

"I Hate to Ask You, Miss Jennings, but the Doctor Wants You to Come at Once"

"Yes, please—I want to know where my room is. It is Number 49, so my ticket says."

Here the Purser came up—he, too, would help a Sister.

"Sister Teresa, is it not—from the Convent of the Sacred Heart? Yes, we knew you would get on at Cherbourg. You are on the lower deck in the same stateroom with Miss Jennings. Steward—take the Sister to——"

"With who?" she cried, with a look of blank amazement. "But I thought I was alone! They told me so at the office. Oh, I cannot share my room with anybody. Please let——"

"Yes, but we had to double up. We would willingly give you a room alone, but there isn't an empty berth on board." He was telling the truth and showed it in his voice.

"But I have the money to pay for a whole room. I would have paid for it at the office in Paris, but they told me it was not necessary."

"I know, Sister, and I'm very sorry, but it can't be helped now. Steward, take Sister Teresa to Number 49." This last came as an order.

Miss Jennings was sitting on the sofa berth reading, a long gray cloak about her shoulders, when the Steward pushed open the door. She had a quiet, calm face and steady eyes framed in gold spectacles. She looked to be a woman of fifty who had seen life and understood it.

"The officer says I am to share your room," began Sister Teresa in a trembling voice. "Don't think me rude, please, but I don't want to share your room. I want to be alone, and so do you. Can't you help me?"

"But I don't mind it, and you won't after you get used to it." The voice was poised and well modulated—evidently a woman without nerves—a direct, masterful sort of woman, who looked you straight in the eyes, was without guile, hated a lie and believed in human nature. "And we ought to get on together," she continued simply, as if it were a matter of course. "You are a Sister, and from one of the French institutions—I recognize your dress. I'm a nurse from the London Hospital. The First Officer told me you had the other berth and I was looking for you aboard the Cherbourg tender, but I couldn't see you for the smoke, you were so far below me. We'll get on together, never fear. Which bed will you have—this one or the one curtained off?"

"Oh, do you take the one curtained off," she answered in a hopeless tone, as if further resistance was useless. "The sofa is easier perhaps for me, for I always undress in the dark."

"No, turn on the light. It won't wake me—I'm used to sleeping anywhere—sometimes bolt upright in my chair with a hand on the patient."

"But it is one of the rules of our order to dress and undress in the dark," the Sister pleaded; "candles are luxuries only used for the sick, and so we do without them."

"All right—just as you say," rejoined Miss Jennings cheerily. "My only desire was to make you comfortable."

And so the question of the berth was settled and a better understanding established between the two women—so

opposite in temperament and yet so similar in purpose and experience.

That night at dinner Sister Teresa and Nurse Jennings found themselves seated next to each other, the Chief Steward, who had special orders from the First Officer to show Miss Jennings and her companion every courtesy, conducting them to their seats.

The two attracted the attention of all about them before the repast was half over, the abstemious, self-denying life of the Sister being shown in the lines of her grave, almost hard, face, framed close in the tight bands of white linen concealing every vestige of her hair, in strong contrast to the kind, sympathetic face of the Nurse, whose soft, gray locks hung loosely about her temples. Their history, gleaned from the First Officer, also became public property. Nurse Jennings had served two years in South Africa, where she had charge of a ward in one of the largest field hospitals outside of Pretoria. On her return to England, she had been placed over an important case in one of the London hospitals—that of a gallant Canadian officer who had been shipped home convalescent, and who had now sent for her to come to him in Montreal. The good Sister was one of those unfortunate women who had been expelled from France under the new law, and who was now on her way to Quebec, there to take up her life-work again. This had been the fifth refugee, the officer added, whom the Line had cared for.

When the hour for retiring came, Sister Teresa, with the remark that she would wait until Miss Jennings was in bed before retiring, followed her companion to the stateroom, bade her good-night, and then, with her hand on the knob, lingered for a moment as if there was still some further word on her lips.

"What is it?" asked the Nurse, with one of her direct, searching glances. "Speak out—I'm a woman like yourself, and can understand."

"Well, it's about the Hour of Silence. I must have one hour every day when I can be alone. It has been the custom of my life and I cannot omit it. It will be many days before we reach the land, and there is no other place for me to pray except in here. Would you object if I——"

"Object! Of course not! I will help you to keep it, and I will see, too, that the Stewardess does not disturb you. Now, is there anything else? Tell me—I love people who speak right out what they mean."

"No—except that I always rise at dawn, and will be gone when you wake. Good-night."

The morning after this first night the two lay in their steamer chairs on the upper deck. The First Officer, noticing them together, paused for a moment on his way to the bridge:

"You knew, of course, Miss Jennings, that Hobson went on the tender to Cherbourg. He left good-by for you."

"Hunting for somebody, as usual, I suppose?" she rejoined.

"Yes"—and he passed on.

"A wretched life, isn't it," said Nurse Jennings, "this hunting for criminals? This same man, Mr. Hobson, after a hunt of months, found one in my ward with a bullet through his chest."

"You know him then?" asked Sister Teresa, with a tremor in her voice.

"Yes—he's a Scotland Yard man."

"And you say he was looking for some one on board and didn't find him?"

"No, not yet, but he will—he always does; that's the pity of it. Some of these poor hunted people would lead a different life if they had another chance. I tried to save the one Hobson found in my ward. He was quite frank with me, and told me everything. When people trust me my heart always goes out to them—so much so that I often do very foolish things that are apt to get me into trouble. It's when they lie to me—and so many do—making one excuse after another for their being in the ward—that I lose all interest in them. I pleaded with Hobson to give the man another chance, but I could do nothing. Thief as he was, he had told the truth. He had that quality left, and I liked him for it. If I had known Hobson was on his track I'd have helped him in some way to get off. He stole to help his old mother, and wasn't a criminal in any sense—only weak-hearted. The law is cruel—it never makes allowances—that's where it is wrong."

"Cruel!—it's brutal. It is more brutal often than the crime," answered Sister Teresa in a voice full of emotion. "Do you think the man your friend was looking for here on board will escape?"

"No, I'm afraid not. There is very little chance of any criminal escaping when they once get on his track, so Mr. Hobson has told me. If he is on this steamer he must run another gauntlet in New York, even if he is among the emigrants. You know we have over a thousand on board. If he is not aboard they will track him down. Dreadful, isn't it?"

"Poor fellow," said Sister Teresa, a sob in her voice, "how sorry I am for him. If men only knew how much wiser mercy is than justice in the redemption of the world." Here she rose from her chair, and gathering her black cloak about her crossed to the rail and looked out to sea. In a few minutes she returned. "Let us walk out to the bow where we can talk undisturbed," she said. "The constant movement of the passengers on deck, passing backward and forward, disturbs my head. I see so few people, you know."

When they reached the bow, she made a place beside her for the Nurse.

"Don't misunderstand what I said about the brutality of the law," she began. "There must be laws, and brutal men who commit brutal crimes must be punished. But there are so many men who are not brutal, although the crimes may be. I knew of one once. We had educated

"He's a Slick One, We Hear, and May be Working a Stunt in Disguise"

his little daughter—such a sweet child! The man himself was a scene-painter and worked in the theatres in London. Sometimes he would take part in the play himself, making up for the minor characters, although most of his time was spent in painting scenery. He had married a woman who was on the stage, and she had deserted him for one of the actors, and left her child behind. Her faithlessness nearly broke his heart. Through one of our own people in London he found us and sent the child to the convent where we have a school for just such cases. When the girl got to be seventeen years old he sent for her and she went to London to see him. He remembered her mother's career, and guarded her like a little plant. He never allowed her to come to the theatre except in the middle of the day. Then she would come where he was at work up on the top of the painting platform high above the stage. There he and she would be alone. One morning while he was at work one of the scene-shifters—a man with whom he had had some difficulty—met the girl as she was crossing the high platform. He had never seen her before and, thinking she was one of the chorus girls, threw his arm about her. The girl screamed, the scene-painter dropped his brushes, ran to her side, hit the man in the face—the scene-shifter lost his balance and fell to the stage. Before he died in the hospital he told who had struck him—he told why, too—that the scene-painter hated him, which was not true—and had an altercation with him the day before—a mere dispute about some colors. The man fled to Paris with his daughter. The girl to-day is at one of our institutions at Rouen. The detectives, suspecting that he would try to see her, have been watching that place for the last five months. All that time he has been employed in the garden of a convent out of Paris. Last week we heard from a Sister in London that some one had recognized him, although he had shaved off his beard—some visitor or parent of one of the children, perhaps, who had come upon him suddenly while at work in the garden beds. He is now a fugitive, hunted like an animal. He never intended to harm this man—he only tried to save his daughter—and yet he knew that because of the difficulty that he had had with the dead man and the fact that his daughter's testimony would not help him—she being an interested person—he would be made to suffer for a crime he had not intended to commit. Now, would you hand this poor father over to the police? In a year his daughter must leave the convent. She then has no earthly protection."

Miss Jennings gazed out over the sea, her brow knit in deep thought. Her mind went back to the wounded criminal in the hospital cot and to the look of fear and agony that came into his eyes when Hobson stood over him and called him by name. Sister Teresa sat watching her companion's face. Her whole life had been one of mercy and she never lost an opportunity to plead its cause.

The Nurse's answer came slowly:

"No, I would not. There is misery enough in the world without my adding to it."

"Would you help him to escape?"

"Yes, if what you tell me is true and he trusted me."

Sister Teresa rose to her feet, crossed herself, and said in a voice that seemed to come through pent-up tears:

"Thank God! It is my Hour of Silence. I go now to pray."

When she returned, Nurse Jennings was still in her seat in the bow. The sun shone bright and warm, and the sea had become calm."

"You look rested, Sister," she said, looking up into her face. "Your color is fresher and the dark rings have gone from your eyes. Did you sleep?"

"No, I wait for the night to sleep. It is hard enough then."

"What did you do?"

"I prayed for you and for myself. Come to the stateroom—I have something to tell you."

"Tell it here."

"No, it might hurt you, and others will notice. Come quick, please, or my courage will fail."

"Can't I hear it to-night——" She was comfortable where she was and remembered the narrow, steep steps to the lower deck.

"No! Come now—and *quick*."

At the tone of agony in the Sister's voice Miss Jennings scrutinized her companion's face. Her trained ear had caught an indrawn, fluttering sob which she recognized as belonging to a certain form of hysteria. Brooding over her troubles, combined with the effects of the sea air, had unstrung the dear Sister's nerves.

"Yes, certainly," assented Miss Jennings. "Let me take your arm—step carefully, and lean on me."

On reaching the stateroom, Sister Teresa waited until Miss Jennings had entered, then she locked the door and pulled the curtains close.

"Listen, Miss Jennings, before you judge me. You remember yesterday how I pleaded with you to help me find a bedroom where I could be alone. You would not, and I could do nothing but let matters take their course. Fate has placed me in your hands. When you said that you were on the lookout for me and that you knew Hobson, the detective, I knew that all was lost unless your heart went out to me. I know him, too. I faced his eyes when I came aboard. I staggered with fright and caught at the ropes, but he did not suspect—I saw in his face that he did not. He may still trace me and arrest me when I land. If anybody comes for me, say you met me in the hospital where you work."

(Continued on Page 22)

MY PROVOKING HUSBAND

The Story of a Second Wooing

By ERNEST POOLE

Author of The Voice of the Street

"Up You Drift and We are Left Alone"

YOSHKA!" I cried, when I could keep silent not one minute longer. "If you and I are to continue living together, I insist that you make my acquaintance!"

My tall musician husband leaped startled from the piano, where for hours he had been absorbed in the song he was composing. Now he towered above me, one hand twirling his thick, black mustache, his handsome, dark, narrow face twitching and frowning, his deep-set brown eyes staring down, twinkling with annoyance. I smiled up—as though I were not quaking inside.

"Please, Yoshka, stop making music about me, and—and know me!"

He smiled indulgently and resumed his seat.

"Child," he said, "don't be absurd. Don't I know you? Aren't you always in my music?" He struck rich, dreamy chords. "Aren't we happy? Why, what could be happier? I come to New York; I write songs; I have quick success; I grow lonely for my wife; I beg her to come and make me a home, and now—she is here!" More chords—very soft. "My beautiful little Hungarian wife, whom I have not seen in two years—my baby, whom I have never seen at all. All three together at last!" One loud, glad chord. "With all our life before us! What a——"

"Chance for a song!" I finished, laughing.

"Come, come!" he said, turning angrily. "Anna! I do love you! Don't be foolish!"

"Yoshka! Your baby and I are tired of having you stare at us—and see nothing; listen to us—and hear nothing; *kiss us—and feel nothing!* I had hoped New York would wake you up from your dreams. So we came. We have been here three days. But you have not even asked me what I've been doing in Hungary; I had a glorious surprise for you; you have not found it out. Because already you have drifted up into a song. A song about me? No—Yoshka—no! You know nothing about me. In your songs you make a creature whose hair is light—like mine; nose and eyes and lips—like mine; but whose soul is a thing any woman would laugh at. Up you drift with her—and we are left always alone.

"So now we object. At once you are angry—for a moment. Then up again you will drift into your song. But again we'll object, and Yoshka Junior will sing *his* song, which is not art. And so you will grow more and more annoyed—as you did in Hungary twice before—until you can write no music; and then you will leave me—as you did twice before! Now, Yoshka, we give you warning. This time you shall *not* leave us! To-night you shall have a tremendous surprise! Remember then all I have said—and perhaps you will understand."

"Exasperating little woman!" cried my husband, leaping up. "You have ruined my work for to-day!"

He seized his hat. He rushed out. The door banged. And I dropped back in my chair and excitedly laughed. How well my plan was working!

I ran to the door, I called softly, and in came a stout young Hungarian woman, housekeeper of our tenement. She knew my plan. My belongings were nearly all packed, quickly we gathered in odds and ends, and then I seized the wee Yoshka from his peaceful nap on the bed. At once he gave forth an indignant roar.

"Angry," I cried, "because waked from his dreams—like his father!" But as I walked him he crowed and chuckled. "Oh, baby," I laughed, "if your father, too, would come quickly out of his dreams like you, and really love us! He shall, my precious, he shall!"

I was swiftly tying his little red hood and his cloak. The housekeeper had my small trunk and my bundle of shawls. "If he only knew our secret—how hard we worked learning to sing, how famous we grew in our town, and how splendidly now we shall sing in New York! But he sha'n't know—not for a long, long time. For when he sees us again we shall be no longer his every-day little wife and child—but great musicians like him! And then——"

At the door I laughed and the baby boy squealed with glee.

"Baby," I cried with a hug, "this time it is we who are running away from our husband!"

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So we two, by ourselves in New York, started delightedly out to make our fortunes.

The good housekeeper had a boy waiting to carry our trunk, and away we went to her mother, who was housekeeper in a cheap tenement near the East River. This mother was a very stout old woman, whose little blue eyes, gray eyebrows, brown wrinkles and chuckles and smiles were all so kindly and happy that in a moment I liked her.

At first she could not understand her daughter at all. But then how amazed she slowly grew, with both her hands upraised, her eyes twinkling, her gray head bobbing with excitement.

"So! . . . So!" She kept turning from her daughter to me, her smile growing wide and delighted. "So! . . . So! Oh, the little lady is right—by all means—good—very good! Oh, these wretched husbands! Yes! Aren't they? My dear, I have lived eleven years in this fearful city of noise, I have seen dozens of husbands desert their Hungarian wives. And why? Why, if you please? Just because of our old-fashioned clothes and hats and manners and ways. These men all become idiots, they want things new—new—new! Traitors to their country! Oh, the rogues!"

"Remember," I cried to the daughter, "you will never tell him where we are—never! And be sure to mail this letter to-morrow night."

"Ho—ho!" cried the mother, "and what do you say in the letter? My child—I hope you lie to him!"

"Yes," I laughed, "like this." And I read: "'I am just starting back to Hungary. By the time you read this letter I shall already be gone.'"

The old woman gave an excited chuckle.

"Now, how many times did you say he had left you in Hungary?"

"Twice he did—the dreamer! Once he went wandering off with an opera troupe—just to listen; and once he escaped to New York—just before the baby was born."

"The idiot! Not to know what is good for him! Oh, we will punish him well! But, my child"—she turned to me and grew suddenly solemn, and asked: "How on earth shall we do it?"

"Listen."

I began to sing. I held sleepy, tiny Yoshka tight, and I sang a very ancient sleep-song of my Hungarian mountain town. But this was such a little song, and the street outside—it roared so! All at once I felt unnerved and lonely. I sang hard! I grew almost frightened. But when I finished she took Yoshka and me both in her big, strong arms.

"No—my child—don't—don't feel so badly—we—we must not cry—we——"

Suddenly I laughed.

"But—you good old mother—you are crying yourself!"

"What? Impossible! Why, so I am! But you see—you see, my child, I have not heard that song—for—eleven years." She wiped her eyes on her apron. "Well," she cried, "what a beautiful baby we have here!"

And then at once I loved her.

That afternoon she helped me fix up the little back upper room I had taken. And while we worked I sang to her all the old ballads and songs.

"Oh, you will have no trouble at all!" she said comfortably. "You only need to sing, and all New York shall lie at your feet."

"But how shall I begin?" I asked, tingling with hope, for I was only twenty-one and knew nothing of any big city.

"To begin," she said, her face slowly becoming one knotted bunch of wrinkles, "now—to begin. Well—my child—of course there are—even in this wretched city of noise—some fine opera-houses. Now—if you will go there to-night—now—perhaps—if you go and find—not the big entrance, but—perhaps some door behind—you will go in by that way—and you—you will sing and they will of course be delighted—and will perhaps lead you out on the great, sparkling stage——"

"In this dress?" I asked. "Perhaps they would grow merry and hurry me into the street! Oh, what wise stage-people we are!"

We both laughed till the tears rolled down our faces. And Yoshka Junior chuckled.

"Never mind!" cried my Manager stoutly. "Your voice is amazing! Yes, yes! If we are not wise now, we shall learn. And one thing I know I can do: I can take care of this baby while you are away. Oh, you fine little rogue!" She was rocking Yosh in her lap; he was crowing and kicking. "These New York people never have babies like this. And, my dear, if you wish I shall buy for you when I buy for myself, and we shall cook in my room, and so we shall make the money go just as far as it can."

Anxiously we counted my money. Twenty-two dollars—it seemed suddenly very small.

"Well," she said, "this is not so good as a million, but, with a voice like yours, it cannot be long till your name is great. You must soon find a place." She kissed me. "Perhaps to-morrow you will, or at least I am sure you will find it the next day."

. . . . . .

But I did not. I took the whole list of Hungarian *cafés*, and I went from place to place; but none of these proprietors had ever heard of the fame I had won in Festival Week in my old mountain town. These men thought only of money. They wanted only men singers, ragtime songs, songs in English. And all glanced at my brown dress and hat—made by our best town seamstress. They smiled at it!

So our money went away. And at last, as Yosh and I came near to the end, more than once I was almost ready to give in. That husband of mine seemed better and better. I even pictured him lonely and sad.

But in a café one night, at the piano I saw a man whose head was thrown back, whose black, curly hair was damp, and whose brown eyes were seeing radiant dreams! To look at him you never would have guessed that he had a wife or a child in the world! I turned and ran.

In a week after that our last penny was gone. And then this big, roaring, rushing city seemed a terrible place to sing in.

"Never mind," said the Manager, "don't you go back to your husband."

"Go back to him!" I cried. "He would ask me who I was!"

"My child," she said solemnly, "the splendid day shall come when every man in the world shall piteously beg for a wife and at least one baby. Yes—oh, yes! I tell you

On and On and On — My Soul Closer and Closer to His!

even *men* cannot forever be blind to what is good for them! Oh, we shall teach this blind man yet! Don't you worry your pretty head about rent or food. I shall see to that. And I shall find you work, too—till you learn enough English to sing."

At half-past six the next morning we started. Day had hardly begun. In the dark, narrow, tenement streets I saw thousands and thousands of women and girls hurrying off to shops and to factories—armies!

"This," growled the Manager, "is because most young American men are selfish, deaf and blind—afraid if they take a wife they can no longer afford their vile cigars!"

She took me to a friend of hers, a forewoman in a big cap-factory. And here all day I worked in a great, dark, whirring, shaking room. I looked around me, and soon I saw that here were two kinds of people—girls and mothers. The young girls did not look so poor. They were living at home, and many could spend the three dollars as they pleased; and besides—they might soon marry. But the women with children, the widows, the immigrant wives deserted by husbands—these were the hopeless ones! And into their fate I could suddenly feel myself being dragged. This black, buzzing machine was slowly to make me crooked and ugly and old—a machine myself!

That night I stopped work faint and stiff and aching—but I walked home very fast.

"Well," asked the anxious Manager, "how did it go?"

"Now," I cried, laughing, "I know the way out of my trouble!"

I would tell her no more. I said I was tired, and went up to bed. In an hour I came down and listened at her door. She was sound asleep.

I went back to my room, I picked out my small silver watch, two rings, an old purple feather fan and two white and red shawls—nearly every small thing of value but Yoshka. I went out and pawned them all. It was still early on Saturday night; the small shops were open. I bought silks of red and blue, and thread, and wide gay ribbons, red paper flowers, powder, rouge!

Now I felt not an ache. Eagerly I worked in my room until nearly dawn. And when I finished—even Yoshka was so deeply impressed when he woke that he quite forgot to cry. I took a long breath of relief—and fell on the bed. When you feel tired as that, how instantly you can sleep!

The next morning was sparkling fresh, alive with the first breath of autumn. I rose—and again my baby stared. He frowned! I laughed and called down the stairs:

"Come up quickly! I have a tremendous surprise!"

In she hurried. She took one glance—and up went her old hands. For I was dressed in a dazzling Hungarian holiday costume—blue and white and silver and red.

"Child! Child!" she stammered. "What does it mean?"

"It means," I cried, "that the factory was a big, sure grave, and I wish to live! So here I have made my last chance! I *must sing!*"

I threw a cloak round me and put on a veil, and I went to a queer little music-hall called The Buda Pesth. It was still only noon and the place was empty. I had been there before, but now the proprietor did not know me. I told him I wanted to sing. He began to refuse. I hurried by him down the dark, narrow hall, I sprang quickly up over the footlights—and sang! I sang an old mountain war-ballad—the one that had made my fame in our Festival Week. And I felt like a war! And I made the hall ring! And I finished and cried:

"You *shall* let me sing! Let me try for only to-night! Say 'yes!'"

And he did.

I could not really feel my good luck till I was walking away in the street. Then it rose up from my heart like a glorious, thrilling song. I laughed and laughed, and I hummed that old song like a march, and hurried for home. And all at once the streets seemed alive, like music bright and gay!

How happy was the old Manager!

"It makes me feel like twenty years ago," she cried; "and now, my dear, we shall teach these idiot women of New York, when they come to-night; we shall show them real clothes!"

She made me use ten dollars of her money; together we went to the shops, and then we came in and worked—till by night we had everything right, from the red shoes to the cap with the clasps and the sparkling silvery veil. And all the time I was humming the war-song.

And that night, when I sang it, I made those Hungarians clap and laugh and shout and stamp their feet, and gleam in their eyes!

And afterward the proprietor asked me to sing every night for a month—and he offered twelve dollars a week.

Oh, what a relief! Slowly I bought back the things I had pawned, and I paid back the money I owed the old woman. I began to buy things one by one for our room, and to make it a cozy little sample of a home.

And now for that husband!

Of course, I must always keep ready—disguised, so every night the Manager made me up at home, with powder and rouge—just a little—and a marvelous black, wavy mass of hair. We made funny mistakes at first, but soon we grew skillful. And as Yoshka Junior watched his light-haired little mother change into a strange dark and dashing soubrette, at first he would howl his shocked displeasure, but slowly his taste grew perverted, until now when I changed he crowed and kicked forth his glee. I began to be uneasy for the future life of this little Yoshka.

Swiftly I grew famous. The "idiot women of New York" did not flock in, but Hungarians did, and Roumanians and Italians—two hundred strong—every night. They had grown sick of the American songs, and so as I sang our old ballads of battles and clashing swords, of castles and moonlight escapes, of lovers and dancing feet, and the flash in eyes of women—more and more they applauded; the hall grew crowded—all the side-tables, they even stood up behind. And the next month my wages were raised to fifteen dollars a week!

My Manager always came with me behind the scenes and put on the finishing touches. How curious she was, how shocked, how excited when I went out! And when I came back—there she stood squeezed behind the wing in the dark—my big, gray cloak ready, her eyes gleaming.

"No more!" she would whisper, wrapping me tight as I shivered. "The brutes! No, no! They have had enough!" But as the applause rose in waves and the floor just shook with the stamping, she would chuckle: "The rogues! Oh, the rogues! My child—you really must sing again! So! . . . Just a touch to this ribbon. . . . So! Now, go!"

. . . . . .

But one night my voice broke in the middle of a song. I came running back and fell into her arms.

"He's here!" I gasped. She squeezed me tight.

"Oh, the wolf!" she whispered. "Quick—where? Let me see! No, no! I will not! Foolish child! Stop trembling! Don't be excited! Quick! We must! They are clapping, they are waiting, they are wild! Here—girl—stop! Absurd! Aren't you ashamed? Only a husband!"

I grew suddenly furious. I had planned for weeks just what I would do—and now to break down!

I went out—icy cold, but quiet. There he sat at a table in the rear, staring up—startled and dazed. But I trusted my fine disguise. I looked straight at him and smiled and sang that war-ballad!

The hall was a blur of lights, gently moving in waves from side to side. I finished, and vaguely I heard the applause. I sang again and again—other songs. I came out and bowed down at that moving blur. And then I saw that husband come walking right up toward the stage.

I had just mind enough left to decide on one trick to get rid of him quickly.

"Powder!" I whispered. "Quick! Powder—thick!" In a moment my face was a sight.

The proprietor brought him in. How tall my husband looked. I never felt so little.

But I rose with a smile that fitted the powder. At the sight he started slightly back. One moment he gazed at me, and I saw that his big, dark face was drawn with lines of pain. Poor man—I had been mistaken; he really had suffered!

"I must thank you," he said at last, very coldly, "for the way you sang my song."

His song! With a shiver I remembered; I *had* sung one of his own songs—the one I had always loved best. So now I could not speak at all. I bowed and enlarged that smile. He frowned.

"You sang it," he said, "as though you felt just as I felt—when I wrote it." Again he stared in angry surprise at my face, and added: "I don't see how you did it!"

All at once I laughed, wheeling around with my face in my hands. He turned abruptly and went out. And I lay in my Manager's arms.

"How rude I was to him!" I whispered. She looked at me suspiciously.

"Very good," she growled. "No wife can be too rude to such a husband. But—he is such a fine-looking wretch! How long can you keep—being—rude?"

"Oh, ever so long! Wasn't he angry? He wrote that song long ago *to me*—so he hated to have such a vulgar person sing it! What—what an idiot he is! Rude to him? Yes, indeed!"

But I am ashamed to think how happy I was that night. Poor little Yoshka Junior—I hugged him till he howled!

The very next night my husband came again, and with him was a tall, thin, solemn man, who leaned forward when I sang. This man was an agent for one of the big uptown vaudeville theatres, and that night he asked me to come there for two weeks to sing! At this the concert-hall man was angry, but at last they arranged it between them—my husband making the peace. The agent offered me forty dollars a week!

"Will you go?" asked my husband.

I felt some one pinching me from behind.

"I must talk with my—my Manager," I said, disguising my voice. They looked round at the old lady and suddenly laughed. Back we went together.

"No!" she whispered angrily. "No! Very bad! To let the wolf help you!" At the idea that Yoshka was a wolf I could not help laughing, and this made her furious. "Go!" she growled. "You deceitful child! One smile from a man, and a woman is a fool!"

But I argued. I described the glory and fame we would get in such a big theatre, until little by little she gave in. We accepted the offer.

. . . . . .

Of course, I kept her with me. We had grown too fond of each other to part; and, besides, the old lady was now completely fascinated by the footlight world.

"My dear," she cried, "if this brute will only leave you alone, we shall enjoy a fine life by ourselves!"

And at first this was just what I thought myself. My Hungarian songs made a splendid hit at once, and I was engaged for a month. We moved uptown into rooms large and sunny. I bought delightful dresses and wrappers and Noah's arks and rag-dolls and rattles for Yoshka Junior and me. We made stunning Hungarian costumes, one to match each of my songs. Eagerly by night and day the old Manager studied the art of costume, powder and hair. We loved the applause! We tingled and we laughed! We were dazzled!

But then little Yosh got ill. Three nights I fought for his baby life, to keep him alive through the cold, heavy hours of dawn. And when at last he was out of danger, and lay white and weak and solemn-eyed, then I knew I still needed my husband.

. . . . . .

My husband came to the theatre often to hear me, and while I sang I watched his face. He was losing his good looks; his color was bad; his face had a nervous twitching; his eyes looked tired. And yet the provoking creature never came near me! I sang now in broken English, so that my voice, too, was disguised. I sang that love-song

And Had Long Talks with the Owner of the Theatre

of his every time that he came, and I could feel him listen, unwillingly—fascinated, provoked and worried.

One night at seven I sat in my room; the Manager was making me up for the evening. I still had this done at home, from the old fear of meeting him in the street. We had almost finished. Yoshka Junior, now nearly well, lay asleep in the corner.

The bell rang; she went to the door. And a moment later I heard a voice. And I rose very slowly, and did not breathe at all

"Oh, by no means!" I heard her cry. "My fine sir, it is impossible—useless—absurd!"

"Not impossible, not useless, not absurd. I must see her." It was his voice—very low. Already he was in the little outside room. In wild haste I hid his photograph and the other familiar things. One frantic look in the mirror, a few last touches—and he entered. And just then I remembered the baby!

My tall husband stopped when he saw me. His face was more intense and tired than ever. A moment he stared down at me, then he laughed awkwardly, and so did I.

"Forgive my walking in—and staring," he blurted out. "But—but you're a musician—you'll understand." His face again grew aggrieved. "Last night I heard your voice—singing that song of mine—and still all to-day—it won't leave me! It's a strange feeling. The song you sing has every little bit of technique, every slightest shade of feeling—exactly as I felt it. You sing as though your—very soul—had been inside of mine!"

I laughed.

"Well," I asked in my broken English, disguising my voice, "do you mind my soul being—in that position?"

I saw him shiver.

"Yes," he cried, "to be very frank—I do!"

"Oh, do you? Why?"

"Well," he said, embarrassed, "I—I—when I heard you first—in the music-hall—I——"

"You thought me—very vulgar!"

"I did!"

"Won't you sit down?"

"No! . . . No, thank you. Since then I've heard you dozens of times—it worries me; I can't make you out. I understand nothing about you—nothing!"

"You never did . . . I mean," I said hastily, now making my voice *very* false, "I mean that you never did understand *any* woman. Isn't that true? Did you ever have a wife?"

"I did. I mean—I have."

"What? . . . Oh! You have a wife." I looked extremely downhearted. "Well," I said at last, "do you understand *her?*"

"No. She left me."

"She was probably tired of waiting."

"Waiting for what?"

"For you to know her!"

He stared at me.

"That's just what *she* told me," he said at last.

"Won't you sit down?"

He sat down slowly—dazed. His face was really very wretched and full of real pain. Poor Yoshka—he must have gone through a good deal!

"Now," I said pityingly, "let me help you—about this wife."

He gave a short, startled laugh.

"Oh, I didn't come to *you*—about *her!*" he said.

"No," I said earnestly, "but you see now that I'm not so bad as you thought me. This wife of yours—why, even she might have liked me."

He looked up quickly—surprised.

"I believe she would!"

"Well, then, why not let me help you? That is—if you still *think* you love her."

"Love her!" he cried with an angry look. "*Think* I love her!" His voice dropped. "I never knew—till now—how much I need her. . . . But I can't find her! I went out one day; I came back; she was gone. The stupid housekeeper knew nothing; I tried every means; I wrote, advertised, went to the boats, police-stations, everywhere! For five weeks I could write not a bar of music!"

"How terrible!" I cried. "She spoiled your music—for five whole weeks! Oh!"

"That's not it." His voice was very low. "Music is—nothing. I think only of her. I got a letter from her—she said she had gone back home. I wrote to Hungary. She had not come! And she has never come! Don't you see? Can't you feel?" He smiled contemptuously. "You think only of music. How narrow is your life! But you are young. Some day you will open your ears and your eyes! Music? No! Where is my wife? How can she live? And my child!"

"Oh!" I cried, jumping between him and Yosh Junior.

It was a moment before I was able to speak.

"Oh, you brute!" I cried. "How can you ever write music again? How can you live at all—when your own child may be starving?"

"Stop!" He sat down—white and shaken. "You need not—tell me that." How harsh and low he spoke, in almost a whisper! But suddenly he rose. "I don't know why I came here. You have said a good deal. You have—spoken the truth. I did *not* know my wife, I don't know her now. I only know that I—need her. I've done everything—everything—to find her! . . . Perhaps not! . . . Every week I think of a new plan to try!" He turned quickly, smiling. "I won't bother you," he said. "Good-by!"

And the very next moment I would have been in his arms!

But just then Yosh Junior cried. His father jumped up, looked around in amazement, and went slowly to the cradle. And then, trembling, sure that all was discovered, and glad that it was, I stole up behind him.

That man looked into the cradle, saw his own child, smiled, turned round and said:

"Poor youngster—now my baby never cried."

"Oh, didn't he? How do you know? What do you know of *your* baby? Would you ever know him if you saw him? Would you——" My voice broke, I sank into a chair. "Go!" I whispered. "Never come here again!"

"Child! Child!" She Stammered. "What Does it Mean?"

But when he was gone, the old Manager bent over and took me in her arms

"My child," she said, "I really—I am surprised at him. I—I think *this* man is really in love."

"But," I whispered, "not to know his own child!"

"Oh, but my dear, he is only a man!"

"He is a genius!" I cried. "Each day he changes. To-day he thinks he loves. But wait till you see him the next time!"

. . . . . .

Weeks passed. He never came back.

I began to hear of his work. He had begun writing again. One song had been used in a Casino light opera; another had made a splendid Broadway hit and had gone all over the country. But almost every night, when I watched his face in the audience, it seemed wretched as before, and his music was sad enough for the most sentimental audience. His songs had enormous sales.

Now he came often behind the scenes, and had long talks with the owner of the theatre. What was it about? I could learn nothing. My curiosity rose to the highest pitch.

One night I came late, just in time for my song. I walked quickly down the stage to the footlights. And there in the dark, right before me, was the handsome face of my husband. That man was leading the orchestra!

I started! I recovered, and somehow I struggled through the song. All the time I kept my eyes staring high over his; but although I evaded his look, I could feel it; and I felt sure he must now discover me through my disguise. No woman in such a position could ever help knowing her husband.

But when at last I glanced down between verses he was staring at me, but seeing nothing—only listening. As an encore I sang his latest song, and the more I sang the more sure was I that at last the man had changed. For the song's whole feeling was that of an injured husband. He glared into my eyes and made me sing with deeper and deeper anger—against myself! I shivered.

At the end of the evening I went down to congratulate him on the way the song had taken.

"Thank you," he said, and he added grudgingly, "Most of its success I owe to you."

"Oh, do you?" I smiled. "In what way?"

"Why, in the way you sang—of course!"

"Oh! Only in that way? But—you do seem to be reviving—since I saw you last. You seem almost—angry with some one."

He looked extremely annoyed.

"I—did not tell you all," he said shortly. "She—could not understand—a musician's moods. She was—hasty, narrow, inconsiderate, selfish—— Oh, drop the subject! I don't see why you spoke of it!" He turned and was gone.

The old Manager stood close behind me.

"Well," she said at last, "I should say he *did* change!"

"Oh, be quiet!" I snapped. "Come—let's go home. Perhaps I *was* hasty. No doubt I was!"

Now I grew anxious. I could feel him rising, passing me in the race, soon he would be out of my reach! I threw all my soul into the work. I found a good music-teacher, I went to a dramatic school, I worked hard on my English. I sang only his songs, and so drew him closer. He made me come often to the theatre for special morning rehearsals. He drilled me hard. Not a word now of his wife or of anything but music.

. . . . . .

Now I felt another change. His angry mood was dying away, and his wife was becoming a sweet, beautiful *memory*, far back in the past. In the new songs the feeling was dreamy, tender and far-away. The public was delighted.

But I was not! It is very dangerous for a wife to be a memory. Would this man never learn to love anything *real?* In vain I strove to sing each new song in a way to show him how sentimental it was. He was too strong, he made me sing it with just his feeling; he made me pity this poor, lost, suffering wife. And how I hated it—singing love-songs to *myself!* Whatever was to become of *me?*

Harder I worked to keep up—on my voice, my acting, every detail of my dress. His songs, though in English, were all of Hungarian life; and for each new song I made a new costume—peasant, mountaineer, countess, gipsy. My picture was on every song cover, our names were together, we came swiftly closer.

But still that frightful, sweet memory grew deeper. As I sang I looked straight into his eyes. (By this time I knew the idiot would never recognize me!) Night after night I fought with eyes and voice to drive that far-away feeling from his songs, that memory from his big, dark, sad, provoking eyes.

At last one night I saw just a glimmer. His eyes seemed a little disturbed, he suspected himself—his feeling toward her and toward me. He looked quickly down.

Only a glimmer. In the encore he stared straight back into my eyes—coldly, with a smile. But the next night it came again.

And now suddenly my suspense deepened. He was writing a new song. And what would the feeling be?

The time came for our special rehearsal. He gave me the song. I read—and sickened, for the words were more sad than any before. But the *words* were not his, they were what he *wanted* to be. And when he sat down and played, at once in his music I could feel—a struggle to be faithful!

I sang that song. I made the music weak and the sad words ludicrous. He was angry. We tried again. This time I suddenly changed, and exaggerated the sentimental tone. It was frightful.

He dropped it for a week. He would not even speak to me; and while I sang, he no longer looked into my eyes. But I knew this Yoshka through and through, and I was delighted. As encores I sang the old Hungarian songs where love was not a memory, but a living passion. Soon he tried again to bring in that dismal new song. Again I made it a failure. And now all his other songs—in which I was a far-away dream—one by one became failures. Often we got hardly any applause. At those rehearsals of ours we had many quarrels. At last, one morning, he rose from the piano and looked at me hard.

(Concluded on Page 14)

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Mr. Black

BAT SHEA, a thug, killed an election worker at a polling place in Troy, New York. Troy had been infamous for riotous and bloody elections. Frank S. Black, a young lawyer living in Troy, convicted Shea, who was electrocuted, and broke up the ganga. Elections in Troy now are fairly decent and orderly affairs.

As a reward of merit, and because he was popular for his courage in the Bat Shea case, the Republicans nominated Black for Governor. A large majority of the voters in both parties turned in and elected him. That started Black. Some people say he has finished, but that isn't true. Before he went to work to clean up Troy, Black had been in Congress. He never made a dent there, although a speech or two of his were noted at the time. Indeed, the only phase of his Congressional career that stands out is the charge his opponents made that he franked his laundry home to Troy to be washed. That was natural, for two reasons: Congressional franks are used for all sorts of transportation, so why not for laundry? And Troy is the home of laundries, so why not Troy?

Whether the charge was true or not, it did not hurt much. One Senator once franked a piano and another franked his household furniture all the way from the golden West. The ordinary citizen cannot send a package through the mails that weighs more than four pounds, but elect him to Congress, and give him a frank, and he can deposit a Jersey cow in his local post-office and send her whither he will. They laughed a little at Black about his laundry, but they elected him. His nomination was well stage-managed. He had been picked by the bosses, but the rank and file knew little of him except by his Bat Shea record. The bosses went to Black and told him they intended to select him as temporary chairman of the convention that was to nominate him.

"You must make a speech," they said, "and it must be a corker."

That was easy for Black. He had the trick of epigram. He prepared his speech.

"Black?" asked the delegates; "who in thunder is Black?" The bosses had the answer ready. "He is the young Abraham Lincoln," they replied, and, when the time came, Black was led to the platform. Physically, at least, there was a good reason for calling him the young Abraham Lincoln. He is tall and gangling. He has a long, thin face and he has a distinctly nasal voice. He didn't wear Lincoln whiskers, but he appeared, and still appears, as awkward as Lincoln ever could. When he began to rip off his clever sentences at that convention, he made the impression desired, and that was all there was to it.

When there is nothing else to be said about a politician, it is the proper thing to say that he stands by his friends and keeps his promises. These admirable qualities are always ascribed to men who have carefully concealed from public view whatever other virtues they may have. Of course, no politician ever stood by his friends, except when it was to his advantage to do so, and no politician ever kept all his promises. Politics does not run that way. Still, while he was Governor of New York, Black came as near to standing by his friends as any man in this generation has. He stood by some of them so firmly that he was not renominated.

Since that time he has practiced law in New York and has developed into a Potential Possibility. In politics, a Potential Possibility is a man out of office who can always be "mentioned" for any office that may be going. Potential Possibility is an attribute of the Prominent Citizen. Mostly, it remains an attribute and never does get to be an asset. There are indications that Black will cash his in, sooner or later. He wants to be a United States Senator, and he would make a good one.

Just now, Black is protesting that he wants nothing. He is

Ex-Governor Frank S. Black

in the position of those foolish hermits who live in huts and eat sassafras for forty-seven years because some girl jilted them—that is, because each had a jilt from a separate girl. Black wanted to be Senator when Senator Depew was elected last time. There was a combination to bring this about—Black thought. It was all arranged. Then, one December afternoon, Black walked into the private room of Benjamin B. Odell, the boss, feeling the toga on his shoulders. When he came out he was sputtering with rage, and the only thing he felt was a crimp in his neck placed just below the Adam's apple by the loving and chastening, but heavy, hand of Odell. Politics—and a few other things having some slight financial trend—demanded the sacrifice of Black. He was not a willing victim. He didn't stop to polish his sentences when he denounced the treachery, but that made no difference. He had to take it out in language, for Depew was elected.

A variety of things have happened since that day. The people of New York have a reasonable hope that within a few years they can get on an equality in the Senate with Wyoming and Nevada and a few other States that have a total population as large as one square in New York City, and may be represented by a live man or two, instead of by the two senile citizens who so carefully refrain from performing any of their public duties for New York in that body now. That being the case, if the Republicans remain in power in the Legislature, a contingency which the last Constitutional Convention provided for in a workmanlike manner, Black should be one of the Senators.

Black is an able person. He is an astute lawyer and has few equals as a public speaker. He has a reputation for courage, and, from time to time, has expressed opinions about the humbugs in public life that have been joyously welcomed. He has some political ideas, too, that have been received with glad acclaim by the populace, eager for emoluments, but that have caused the high-browed editorial writers to lambaste him the while they wept bitter tears over the decadence of the public servants. One of these was his expressed hope that he would be able to "take the starch out of the Civil Service law."

Let any politician throw a stone at the Civil Service and he gets rises out of the editorial writers and reformers all over the country that look like a simultaneous series of balloon ascensions from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

They took hacks at Black with broadaxes and stabbed him with their keenest rapiers. He didn't mind, and he doesn't mind now. He is constitutionally antagonistic, congenitally combative. When he thinks anything is bogus, he says so. That is contrary to the first and most important rule in the Statesman's Hand Book, or How to Succeed in Politics, which is that thought was made to conceal language, and that saying what one has in mind is generally impolitic, not to say dangerous. Saying what one hasn't in mind is correct.

Mark you, though, the native pugnacity of Black is tempered with a streak of caution that, at times, produces a pianissimo effect where thunders from the bass were expected. An agile and expert gentleman is Black, and he rarely muddies his own stream. It is always well to keep at least one eye on the future.

His speeches abound in epigrams. No man on earth ever thought consecutively as Black's speeches make it appear he thinks. No man could, unless his mind worked like a stamping-machine—down—rest—up; down—rest—up. What Black does is to lay out his speech, get the framework built, and then polish, polish, polish, until he has his array of epigrams, sizzling along, one after another.

They call him brilliant, and he probably is. At least, he is brilliant when he is compared to most of the stodgy persons who essay public speaking. He certainly has ideas, and he expresses them effectively. Moreover, he is versatile. He spoke once at a dinner in Washington which the President attended. His speech was about the heroes of peace as contrasted with the heroes of war, and he snapped a few of his snappiest remarks at the President, who caught them with great good humor. A short time afterward Black was temporary chairman of the Republican National Convention that nominated Mr. Roosevelt. He had a stock of epigrams with him on that occasion, also, but there were no Roosevelt stingers on them.

Black is not old. He has built a commanding place for himself in New York. Logically, the place for him is the United States Senate. Politics is not logical, as a rule, but there is good reason for thinking the exception will come with Black. That body needs a few more men who will talk half an hour and say something, instead of statesmen who talk half a day and say nothing

In Line

SECRETARY SHAW, searching for the hidden things in the lives of his hundreds of clerks, had blanks sent around the Treasury asking each clerk to give his vital statistics. One line requested an answer to the question: "Are you suffering from any disease?"

When the blanks came in it was found that one man said he had tuberculosis. Secretary Shaw sent for him. He came in, a big, broad-shouldered negro messenger, who looked healthy enough to live for fifty years.

"Why," said the Secretary, "you haven't got tuberculosis!"

"Ain't I?" asked the negro.

"No, you haven't. You are perfectly healthy. Why did you write on this blank that you have tuberculosis?"

"Well," said the messenger, "I dunno; 'ceptin' if there's anythin' fashionable goin' 'round I want it."

The Hall of Fame

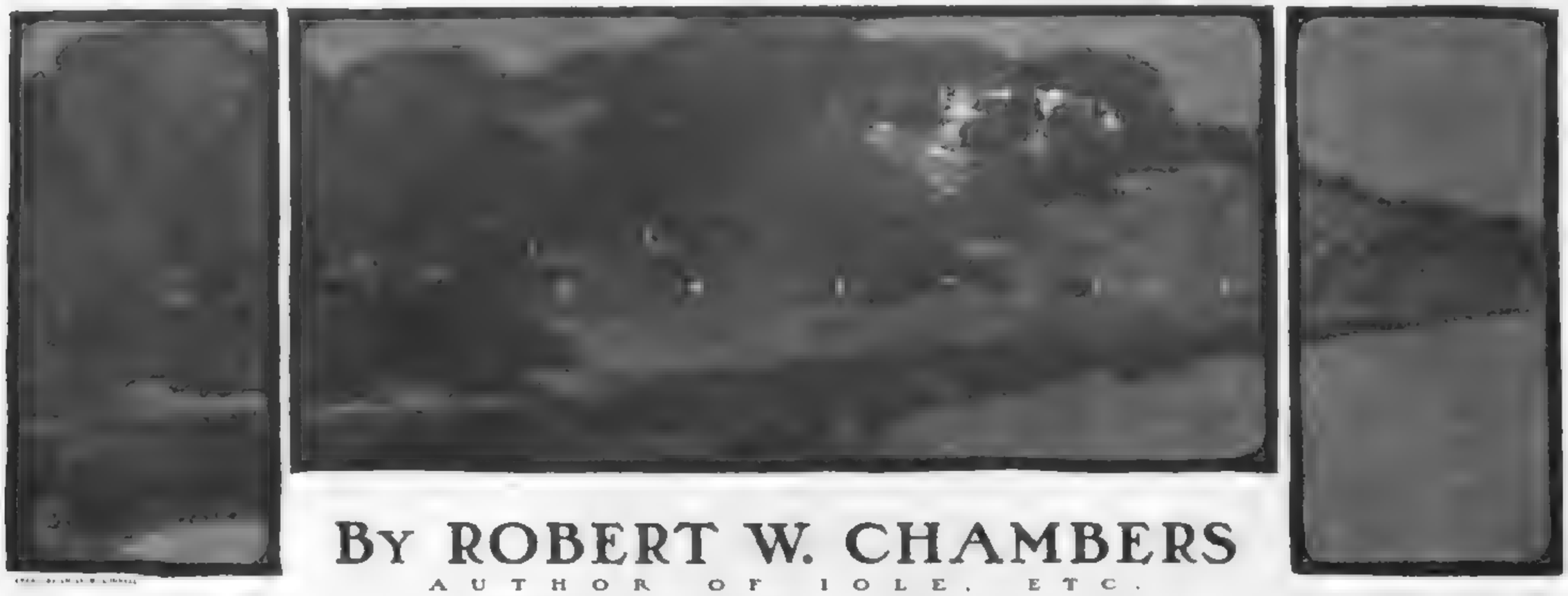
¶ H. H. Rogers, the Standard Oil magnate, and Mark Twain, the humorist, are the closest kind of friends. They tell funny stories to one another, and Rogers knows as many as Twain does.

¶ James S. Stillman, president of the National City Bank of New York, the greatest financial institution in the metropolis, looks up sick young men and helps them, if they are worthy, but he gets very angry if anything is said about it.

¶ Oscar Hammerstein, the theatrical genius of New York, walks along the street with his hands behind his back and his head bowed, in deep thought. If he bumps into another pedestrian, he always says: "My fault, I assure you"—and goes on without further ado.

¶ Since William Randolph Hearst became a statesman he affects a statesman's dress. He always appears in public in a broad-brimmed, black felt hat, a long and baggy frock coat, and wears a white or black string tie. He looks rather odd on Broadway, but it is great out West

THE FIGHTING CHANCE



By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

AUTHOR OF IOLE, ETC.

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XIII (Continued)

WHEN Plank had gone Siward lay back in his chair, very still, eyes closed. A faint color had mounted to his face and remained there.

It was late in the afternoon when he went downstairs, using his crutches lightly. Gumble handed him a straw hat and opened the door, and Siward cautiously descended the stoop, stood for a few moments on the sidewalk, looking up at the blue sky, then wheeled and slowly made his way toward Washington Square. The avenue was deserted; his own house appeared to be the only remaining house still open in all that old-fashioned but respectable quarter.

He swung leisurely southward, a slim, well-built young fellow, strangely out of place on crutches. The poor always looked at him; beggars never importuned him, yet found him agreeable to watch. Children, who seldom look up into the air far enough to notice grown people, always became conscious of him when he passed; often smiled, sometimes spoke. As for stray curs and tramp cats, they were forever making advances. As long as he could remember, there was scarcely a week in town but some homeless dog attached himself to Siward's heels, sometimes trotting several blocks, sometimes following him home—where the outcast was always cared for, washed, fed, and ultimately shipped out to the farm, where scores of these "fresh-air" dogs resided on his bounty.

And now, as he passed the marble arch and entered the square, glancing behind him he saw the inevitable cat trotting, and, at his left, a very dirty little girl pretending to trundle a hoop, but plainly enough keeping sociable pace with him.

"Hello!" said Siward. The cat stopped; the child tossed her clustering curls, gave him a rapid but fearless sidelong glance, laughed, and ran on in the wake of her hoop. When she caught it she sat down on a bench opposite the fountain and looked around at Siward.

"It's pretty warm, isn't it?" said Siward, coming up and seating himself on the same bench.

"Are you lame?" asked the child.

"Oh, a little."

"Is your leg broken?"

"Oh, no, not now."

"Is that your cat?"

Siward looked around; the cat was seated on the bench beside him. But he was accustomed to that sort of thing, and he caressed the creature with his gloved hand.

"Are you rich?" asked the child, shaking her blond curls from her eyes and staring up solemnly at him.

"Not very," he answered, smiling. "Why do you ask?"

"You look rich, somehow," said the child shyly

"What! With these old and very faded clothes?"

She shook her head, swinging her plump legs "You *look* it, somehow. It isn't the clothes that matter."

"I'll tell you one thing," said Siward, laughing: "I'm rich enough to buy all the hokey-pokey you can eat!" and he glanced meaningly at the pedler of that staple who had taken station between a vender of peaches and a Greek flower-seller.

The child looked, too, but made no comment.

"How about it?" asked Siward.

"I'd rather have something to remember you by," said the girl innocently.

"What?" he said, perplexed.

"A rose. They are five cents, and hokey-pokey costs that much—I mean, for as much as you can eat."

"Do you really want a rose?" he said, amused.

But the child fell shy, and he beckoned the Greek and selected a dozen big, perfumed Jacks.

Then, as the child sat silent, her ragged arms piled with roses, he asked her jestingly what else she desired.

"Nothing. I like to look at you," she answered simply

"And I like to look at you. Will you tell me your name?"

"Molly"

But that is all the information he could extract. Presently she said she was going, hesitated, looked a very earnest good-by, and darted away across the park, her hoop over one arm, the crimson roses bobbing above her shoulders. Something in her flight attracted the errant cat, for she, too, jumped down and bounded after the little flying feet, but, catlike, halted half-way to scratch, and then, forgetting what she was about, wandered off toward the Mews again, whence she had been lured by instinctive fascination.

Siward, intensely amused, sat there in the late sunlight which streamed through the park, casting long shadows from the elms and sycamores. It was that time of the day, just before sunset, when the old square looked to him as he remembered it as a child. Even the marble arch, pink in the evening sun, did not disturb the harmony of his memories. He saw his father once more, walking home from downtown, tall, slim, laughingly stopping to watch him as he played there with the other children—the nurses, seated in a row, crocheting under the sycamores; he saw the old-fashioned carriage pass, Mockett on the box, Wands beside him, and his pretty mother leaning forward to wave her hand to him as the long-tailed, long-maned horses wheeled into Fifth Avenue

A cab, driven smartly, passed through the park, the horses' feet slapping the asphalt till the echoes rattled back from the marble arch. He followed it idly with his eyes up Fifth Avenue; saw it suddenly halt in the middle of the street; saw a woman spring out, stand for a moment talking to her companion, then turn and look toward the square

She stood so long, and she was so far away, that he presently grew tired of watching her. A dozen ragged urchins were prowling around the fountain, casting sidelong glances at a distant policeman. But it was not hot enough that evening to permit the children to splash in the water, and the policeman drove them off

"Poor little devils!" said Siward to himself; and he rose, adjusted his crutches, and started through the park with a vague idea of seeing what could be done.

As he limped onward, the sun level in his eyes, he heard somebody speak behind him, but did not catch the words or apply the hail to himself. Then, "Mr. Siward!" came the low, breathless voice at his elbow

His heart stopped as he did. The sun had dazzled his eyes, and when he turned on his crutches he could not see clearly for a second. That past, he looked at Sylvia, looked at her outstretched hand, took it mechanically, still staring at her with only a dazed unbelief in his eyes.

"I am in town for a day," she said. "Leila Mortimer and I were driving uptown from the bank when we saw you; and the next thing that happened was me, on Fifth Avenue, running after you no, the next thing was my flying leap from the hansom, and my standing there looking down the street and across the square where you sat. Then Leila told me I was probably crazy, and I immediately confirmed her diagnosis by running after you!"

She stood laughing, flushed, sunburned and breathless, her left hand still in his, her right hand laid over it.

"Oh," she said with a sudden change to anxiety, "does it tire you to stand?"

"No. I was going to saunter along."

"May I saunter with you for a moment? I mean—I only mean, I am glad to see you."

"Do you think I am going to let you go now?" he asked, astonished.

She looked at him, then her eyes evaded his. "Let us walk a little," she said, withdrawing her hand, "if you think you are strong enough."

"Strong! Look, Sylvia!" and he stood unsupported by his crutches, then walked a little way, slowly, but quite firmly. "I am rather a coward about my foot, that is all I shall not lug these things about after to-day."

"Did the doctor say you might?"

"Yes, after to-day. I could walk home now without them. I could do a good many things I couldn't do a few minutes ago. Isn't that curious?"

"Very," she said, avoiding his eyes

He laughed. She dared not look at him. The excitement and impetus of sheer impulse had carried her this far; now all the sadness of it was clutching hard at her throat and for a while she could not speak—walking there in her dainty, summer gown beside him, the very incarnation of youth and health, with the sea-tan on wrist and throat, and *he*, white, hollow-eyed, crippled, limping, at her elbow!

Yet at that very moment his whole frame seemed to glow and his heart clamor with the courage in it, for he was thinking of Plank's words and he knew Plank had spoken the truth. She *could* not give herself to Quarrier, if he stood firm. His was the stronger will, after all; his was the right to interfere, to stop her, to check her, draw her back as he had once drawn her from the fascination of destruction when she had swayed out too far over the cliffs at Shotover.

"Do you remember that?" he asked, and spoke of the incident

"Yes, I remember," she replied, smiling

"Doctors say," he continued, "that there is a weak streak in people who are affected by great heights, or who find a dizzy fascination drawing them toward the brink of precipices"

"Do you mean me?" she asked, amused.

But he continued serenely: "You have seen those pigeons called 'tumbler pigeons' suddenly turn a cart-wheel in mid-air? Scientists say it's not for pleasure they do it; it's because they get dizzy. In other words, they are not perfectly normal"

She said, laughing: "Well, you never saw me turn a cart-wheel!"

"Only a moral one," he replied airily.

"Stephen, what on earth do you mean? You're not going to be disagreeable, are you?"

"I am going to be so agreeable," he said, laughing, "that you will find it very difficult to tear yourself away

"I have no doubt of it, but I must, and very soon."

"I'm not going to let you."

"It can't be helped," she said, looking up at him. "I came in with Leila. We're asked to Lenox for the week's end. We go to Stockbridge on the early train to-morrow morning."

"I don't care," he said doggedly; "I'm not going to let you go yet."

"If I took to my heels here in the park would you chase me, Stephen?" she asked with mock anxiety.

"Yes; and if I couldn't run fast enough I'd call that policeman. Now do you begin to understand?"

"Oh, I've always understood that you were spoiled. I'm partly guilty of the spoiling process, too. Listen: I'll walk with you a little way"—she looked at him—"a little way," she continued gently; "then I must go. There is only a caretaker in our house and Leila will be furious if I leave her all alone. Besides, we're going to dine there, and it won't be very gay if I don't give a few orders first."

"But you brought your maid?"

"Naturally."

"Then telephone her that you and Leila are dining out."

"Where, silly? Do you want us to dine somewhere with you?"

"Want you! You've got to!"

"Stephen, it isn't best."

"It *is* best."

She turned to him impulsively: "Oh, I *do* want to so much! Do you think I might? It is perfectly delicious to see you again. I—you have no idea——"

"Yes, I have," he said sternly.

They turned, walking past the fountain toward Fifth Avenue again. Furtively she glanced at his hands with the city pallor on them as they grasped the cross-bars of the crutches, then looked up at his worn face. He was much thinner, but now in the softly fading light the shadows under the eyes and cheek-bones seemed less sharp, his face fuller and more boyish; the contour of head and shoulders, the short, crisp hair were as she remembered—and the old charm held her, the old fascination grew, tightening her throat, stealing through every vein, stirring her pulses, awakening imperceptibly once more the best in her. The twilight of a thousand years seemed to slip from the world as she looked out at it through eyes opening from a long, long sleep; the marble arch burned rosy in the evening glow; a fairy haze hung over the enchanted avenue, stretching away, away into the blue magic of the city of dreams.

"There is no use," she said under her breath; "I can't go back to Leila. Stephen, the dreadful part of it is that I—I wish she were in Jericho! I wish the whole world were in Ballyhoo, and you and I alone once more!"

Under their gay laughter quivered the undertone of excitement. Sylvia said:

"I'd like to talk to you all alone. It won't do, of course; but I may say what I'd like—mayn't I? What time is it? If I'm dining with you we've got to have Leila for convention's sake, if not from motives of sheer decency, which you and I seem to lack, Stephen."

"We lack decency," said Siward, "and we're proud of it. As for Leila, I am going to arrange for her very simply. Plank will take care of her. Sylvia! There's not a soul in town and we can be as imprudent as we please."

"No, we can't. Agatha's at the Santa Regina. She came down with us."

"But we are not going to dine at the Santa Regina. We're going where Agatha wouldn't intrude her colorless nose—to a thoroughly unfashionable and selectly common resort overlooking the classic Harlem; and we're going to whiz thither in Plank's car, and remain thither until you yawn for mercy, whence we will return thence——"

"Stephen, you silly! I'm perfectly mad to go with you."

"You'll be madder when you get there, if the table has not improved."

"Table! As though tables mattered on a night like this!" Then with sudden self-reproach and quick solicitude: "*Am* I making you walk too far? Wouldn't you like to go in now?"

"No, I'm not tired; I'm millions of years younger, and I'm as strong as the nine gods of your friend Porsena. Besides, haven't I waited for this?" and under his breath, fiercely, "Haven't I waited!" he repeated, turning on her.

"Do—do you mean that as a reproach?" she asked, lowering her eyes.

"No. I knew you would not come on 'the first sunny day.'"

"Why did you think I would not come? Did you know me for the coward I am?"

"I did not think you would come," he repeated, halting to rest on his crutches. He stood, balanced, staring dreamily into the dim perspective; and again her fascinated eyes ventured to rest on the worn, white face, listless, sombre in its fixedness.

The tears were very near her eyes; the spasm in her throat checked speech. At length she stammered: "I did not come b-because I simply couldn't stand it!"

His face cleared as he turned quietly: "Child, you must not confuse matters. You must not think of being sorry for me. The old order is passing—ticking away on every clock in the world. All that inverted order of things is being reversed. You don't know what I mean, do you? Ah, well; you will know when I grow into something of what you think you remember in me, and when I grow out of what I really was."

"Truly, I don't understand, Stephen. But then—I am out of training since you went—went out of things. Have I changed? Do I seem more dull? I—it has not been very gay with me. I don't see—looking back across all the noise, all the chaos of the winter—I do not see how I stood it alone."

"Alone?"

"N-not seeing you—sometimes."

He looked at her with smiling, skeptical eyes. "Didn't you enjoy the winter?"

"Do you enjoy being drugged with champagne?"

His face altered so quickly that, confused, she only stared at him, the fixed smile stamped on her lips; then, overwhelmed in the revelation:

"Stephen, surely, *surely* you know what I meant! I did not mean *that!* Dear, do you dream for one moment——"

"No. You have not hurt me. Besides, I know what you mean."

After a moment he swung forward on his crutches, biting his lip, the frown gathering between his temples.

They were passing the big, old-fashioned hotel with its white façade and green blinds, a lingering landmark of the older city.

"We'll telephone here," he said.

Side by side they went up the great, broad stoop and entered the lobby.

"If you'll speak to Leila, I'll get Plank on the wire. Say that we'll stop for you at seven."

She gave her number; then, at the nod of the operator, entered a small booth. Siward was given another booth in a few moments.

Plank answered from his office; his voice sounded grave and tired, but it quickened, tinged with surprise, when Siward made known his plan for the evening.

"Is Mrs. Mortimer in town?" he demanded. "I had a wire from her that she expected to be here and I hoped to see her at the station to-morrow on her way to Lenox."

"She's stopping with Miss Landis. Can't you manage to come?" asked Siward anxiously.

"I don't know. Do you wish it particularly? I have just seen Quarrier and Harrington. I can't quite understand Quarrier's attitude. There's a certain hint of defiance about it. Harrington is all caved in. He is ready to thank us for any mercies. But Quarrier—there's something I don't fancy, don't exactly understand, about his attitude. He's like a dangerous man whom you've searched for concealed weapons, and who knows you've overlooked the knife up his sleeve. That's why I've expected to spend a quiet evening, studying up the matter and examining every loophole."

"You've got to dine somewhere," said Siward. "If you could fix it to dine with us—— But I won't urge you."

"All right. I don't know why I shouldn't. I don't know why I feel this way about things. I—I rather felt—you'll laugh, Siward!—that somehow I'd better not go out of my own house to-night; that I was safer, better off in my own house, studying this Quarrier matter out. I'm tired, I suppose; and this man Quarrier has come close to worrying me. But it's all right, of course, if you wish it. You know I haven't any nerves."

"If you are tired——" began Siward.

"No, no, I'm not. I'll go. Will you say that we'll stop for them at seven? Really, it's all right, Siward."

"I don't want to urge you," repeated Siward.

"You're not. I'll go. But—wait one moment!—tell me, did Quarrier know that Mrs. Mortimer was to stop with Miss Landis?"

"Wait a moment. Hold the wire."

He opened the door of the booth and saw Sylvia waiting for him, seated by the operator's desk. She rose at once when she saw he wished to speak with her.

"Tell me something," he said in a low voice; "did Mr. Quarrier know that Leila was to stay overnight with you?"

"Yes," she answered quietly, surprised. "Why?"

Siward nodded vaguely, closed the door again, and said to Plank:

"Yes, Quarrier knows it. Do you think he'll be there to-night? I don't suppose Miss Landis and Mrs. Mortimer know he is in town."

Plank's troubled voice came back over the wire: "I don't know. I don't know what to think. I suppose I'm a little, just a trifle, overworked. Somebody once said that I had one nerve in me somewhere, and Quarrier's probably found it; that's all."

"If you think it better not to come——"

"I'll come. I'll stop for you in the motor. Don't worry, old fellow! And—*take your fighting chance!* Good-by!"

Siward, absorbed in his own thoughts, rose and walked slowly out of the booth, utterly unconscious that he had left his crutches leaning upright in the corner. It was only the surprise dawning into tremulous delight on Sylvia's face that at last arrested him.

"See what you have done!" he said, laughing through his own surprise.

But she was instantly concerned and anxious, and entering the booth brought out the crutches and forced him to take them.

"No risks now!" she said decisively. "We have too much at stake this evening. Leila is coming. Isn't it perfectly delightful?"

"Perfectly," he said, his eyes full of the old laughing confidence again; "and the most delightful part of it all is that you don't know how delightful it is going to be."

"Don't I? Very well. Only I inform you that I mean to be perfectly happy! And that means that I'm going to do as I please! And *that* means—oh, it may mean anything! What are you laughing at, Stephen? I know I'm excited. I don't care! What girl wouldn't be? And I don't know what's ahead of me at all; and I don't want to know—I don't care!"

Her reckless, little laugh rang sweetly in the old-fashioned, deserted hall; her lovely, daring eyes met his undaunted.

"You won't make love to me, will you, Stephen?"

"Will you promise me the same?"

"I don't know, silly! How do I know what I might say to you, you big, blundering boy, who can't take care of himself? I don't know at all; I won't promise. I'm likely to do anything to-night—even before Leila and Mr. Plank—when you are with me. Shame on you for the shameless girl you've educated!" Her voice fell, tremulously, and for an instant standing there she remembered her education and his part in it.

The slow color in his face reflected the pink confusion in hers.

"Oh, tongue! tongue!" she stammered, "I *can't* hold you in! I can't curb you, and I can't make you say what you ought to be saying to that boy. There's trouble coming for somebody; there's trouble here already! Call me a cab, Stephen, or I'll be dragging you into that big, old-fashioned parlor and planting you on a chair and placing myself opposite, to moon over you until somebody puts us out! There! Now will you call me a hansom? . . . And I will be all ready at seven. . . . And don't dare to keep me waiting one second! . . . Come before seven. You don't want to frighten me, do you? Very well then, at a quarter to seven—so I shall not be frightened. And, Stephen, Stephen, we're doing exactly what we ought not to do. You know it, don't you? So do I. Nothing can stop us, can it? Good-by!"

XIV

IF A MAN'S grief does not awaken his dignity, then he has none. In that event, grief is not even respectable.

And so it was with Leroy Mortimer when Lydia at last turned on him. If you caress an Angora too long and too persistently it runs away. And before it goes it scratches.

Under all the physical degeneration of mind and flesh there had still remained in Mortimer the capacity for animal affection; and that does not mean sensuality alone, but generosity and a sort of routine devotion as characteristic components of a character which had now disintegrated into the simplest and most primitive elements.

Not liking him she had no hesitation in the matter; disliking him, whatever unpleasant had occurred remained as an irritant to poison memory. She resented a thousand little incidents that he scarcely knew had ever existed, but which she treasured without wasting emotion until the sum total and the time coincided to retaliate. Not that she would have cared to harm him seriously; she was willing enough to disoblige him, however—decorate him, before she left him, with one extra scratch for the sake of auld lang syne. So she wrote a note to the governors of the Patroons Club, saying that both Quarrier and Mortimer were aware that the guilt of her escapade could not be attached to Siward; that she knew nothing of Siward, had accepted his wager without meaning to attempt to win it, had never again seen him, and had, on the impulse of the moment, made her entry in the wake of several men. She added that when Quarrier, as governor, had concurred in Siward's expulsion he knew perfectly well that Siward was not guilty, because she herself had so informed Quarrier. Since then she had also told Mortimer, but he had taken no steps to do justice to Siward, although he, Mortimer, was still a governor of the Patroons Club.

This being about all she could think of to make mischief for the two men she shipped her trunks by express, packed her jewel-case and valise and went to Europe.

When Mortimer returned from the races to find her gone the last riddled props to what passed for his manhood gave way and the rotten fabric came crashing into the mud.

He had loved her as far as he had been capable of imitating that passion on the transposed plane to which he had fallen; he was stupefied at first, then hysterically profane, then pitiable in the abandoned degradation of his grief.

Still, alternately stupefied by his own grief and maddened into the necessity for action, he packed a suitcase, crawled out of the rear door, toiled across country, and found a farmer to drive him twenty miles over a sandy road to a local railroad crossing, where he managed to board a train for Albany.

At Albany, as he stood panting and sweating on the long, concrete platform which paralleled track No. 1, he saw a private car, switched from a Boston and Albany train, shunted to the rear of the Merchants' Express.

The private car was lettered in gold on the central panel, "Algonquin." He boarded the Pullman coupled to it forward, pushed through the vestibule, shoved aside the Japanese steward and darky cook, forcing his way straight into the private car. Quarrier, reading a magazine, looked up at him in astonishment. For a full moment neither spoke. Then Mortimer dropped his suitcase, sat down in an armchair opposite Quarrier, and leisurely mopped his reeking face and neck.

"Scotch and lithia!" he said hoarsely; the Japanese steward looked at Quarrier; then, at that gentleman's almost imperceptible nod, went away to execute the commission.

He executed a great many similar commissions during the trip to New York. When they arrived there at five o'clock, Quarrier offered Mortimer his hand, and held the trembling, puffy fingers as he leaned closer, saying with cold precision and emotionless emphasis something that appeared to require the full concentration of Mortimer's half-drugged faculties.

And when at length Mortimer drove away in a hansom, Quarrier's Japanese steward went with him—perhaps to carry his suitcase—a courtesy that did credit to Quarrier's innate thoughtfulness and consideration for others. He was very considerate; he even called Agatha up on the telephone and talked with her for ten minutes. Then he telephoned to Plank's office, learned that Harrington was already there, telephoned the garage for an automobile which he always kept ready in town, and presently went bowling away to a conference on which the last few hours had put an entirely new aspect.

It had taken Plank only a few minutes to perceive that something had occurred to change a point of view which he had believed impossible for Quarrier to change. Something had gone wrong in his own careful calculations; some cog had slipped, some rivet given way, some bed-plate cracked. And Harrington evidently had not been aware of it; but Quarrier knew it. There was *something* wrong.

It was too late now to go tinkering in the dark for trouble. Plank understood that. Coolly, as though utterly unaware that the machinery might not stand the strain, he started it full speed. And when he stopped it at last Harrington's grist had been ground to atoms, and Quarrier had looked on without comment. There seemed to be little more for them to do except to pay the miller.

"To-morrow," said Quarrier, rising to go. It was on the edge of Plank's lips to say "to-day!"—but he was silent, knowing that Harrington would speak for him. And the old man did, without words, turning his iron visage on Quarrier with the silent dignity of despair. But Quarrier coldly demanded a day before they reckoned with Plank. And Plank, profoundly disturbed, shrugged his massive shoulders in contemptuous assent.

So Quarrier and Harrington went away—the younger partner taking leave of the older with a sneer for an outworn prop which no man could ever again have use for. Old and beaten—that was all Harrington now stood for in Quarrier's eyes. Never a thought of the past undaunted courage, never a memory of the old victories which had made the Quarrier fortune possible—only contempt for age, a sneer for the mind and body that had failed at last.

So Quarrier's thin lips twitched and the glimmer of teeth showed under the silky beard as he listened without comment to the old man's hesitating words—a tremulous suggestion for a conference that evening—and he said again "to-morrow," and left him there alone, groping with uncertain hands toward the door of the hired coupé which had brought him to the place of his earthly downfall; the place where he had met his own wraith face to face—the wraith that bore the mask of Plank.

Quarrier, brooding sullenly in his motor, was already far uptown on his way to Major Belwether's house.

At the door, Sylvia's maid received him smilingly, saying that her mistress was not at home, but that Mrs. Mortimer was—which saved Quarrier the necessity of asking for the private conference with Leila which was exactly what he had come for. But her first unguarded words on receiving him as he rose at her entrance into the darkened drawing-room changed that plan, too—changed it all so utterly, and so much for the better, that he almost smiled to think of the crudity of human combinations and inventions as compared to the masterly machinations of Fate. No need for him to complicate matters when here were pawns enough to play the game for him. No need for him to do anything except give them their initial velocity and let them tumble into one another and totter or fall. Leila said laughingly: "Oh, you are too late, Howard. We are dining with Mr. Plank. What in the world are you doing in town so suddenly?"

"A business telegram. I might have come down with you and Sylvia if I had known. . . . Is Plank dining with you alone?"

"I haven't seen him," smiled Leila evasively. "He will tell us his plans, of course, when he comes."

"Oh," said Quarrier, dropping his eyes and glancing furtively toward the curtained windows through which he could see the street and his motor waiting at the curb. At the same instant a hansom drove up; Sylvia sprang out, ran lightly up the low steps, and the silent, shrouded house rang with the clamor of the bell.

Leila looked curiously at Quarrier, who sat motionless, head partly averted, as though listening to something heard by him alone. He believed perhaps that he was listening to the voice of Fate again, and it may have been so, for already, for the third time, all his plans were changing to suit this new ally of his—this miraculous Fate which was shaping matters for him as he waited. Sylvia had started upstairs like a fragrant whirlwind, but her flying feet halted at Leila's constrained voice from the drawing-room, and she spun around and came into the darkened room like an April breeze.

"Leila! They'll be here at a quarter to seven——"

Her breath seemed to leave her body as a shadowy figure rose in the uncertain light and confronted her.

"*You!*"

He said: "Didn't you recognize the car outside?"

She had not even seen it, so excited, so deeply engaged had she been with the riotous tumult of her own thoughts. And still her hurt, unbelieving gaze widened to dismay as she stood there halted on the threshold; and still his eyes, narrowing, held her under their expressionless inspection.

"When did you come? Why?" she asked in an altered voice.

"I came on business. Naturally, being here, I came to see you. I understand you are dining out?"

"Yes, we are dining out."

"I'm sorry I didn't wire you, because we might have dined together. I saw Plank this afternoon. He did not say you were to dine with him. Shall I see you later in the evening, Sylvia?"

"I—it will be too late."

"Oh! To-morrow then. What train do you take?"

Sylvia did not answer; he picked up his hat, repeating the question carelessly, and still she made no reply.

"Shall I see you to-morrow?" he asked, swinging on her rather suddenly.

"I think—not. I there will be no time——"

He bowed quietly to Leila, offering his hand. "Who did you say was to dine with you—besides Plank?"

Leila stood silent, then, withdrawing her fingers, walked to the window.

Quarrier, his hat in his gloved hands, looked from one to the other, his inquiring eyes returning and focused on Sylvia.

"Whom are you dining with?" he asked with authority.

"Mr. Plank and Mr. Siward."

"Mr. Siward!" he repeated in surprised displeasure, as though he had not already divined it.

"Yes. A man I like."

"A man I dislike," he rejoined with emphasis.

"I am sorry," she said simply.

"So am I, Sylvia. And I am going to ask you to make him an excuse. Any excuse will do."

"Excuse? What do you mean, Howard?"

"I mean that I do not care to have you seen with Mr. Siward. Have I ever demanded very much of you,

(Continued on Page 17)

"Stephen, You Silly, You are Making Love to Me"

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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Life-Insurance Elections

OVER two million life-insurance policy-holders will soon be called upon to vote for trustees of their various companies. Evidently a number of tickets will be presented. Already one discerns the smoke of a hot campaign; and there may be more smoke than light.

Every ticket, as a matter of course, will be pledged to honest and economical administration. Nobody will nominate a disreputable man. If the contest for proxies is to proceed only by way of argument as to whether one set of gentlemen is likely to prove more honest and economical than another, the ordinary policy-holder will probably have a rather confusing time. He can know that the man who was his trustee under the old régime is not one whom he wishes to represent him again. Aside from that he must make his choice among nominees nearly all of whom, it may safely be assumed, are men of good repute in their own community and successful in their own business, but unknown quantities so far as concerns life-insurance management.

If a large and permanent good is to result from this "mutualization," it must eventually take a broader ground. Why should not the policy-holders, as in politics, vote for principles as well as for men? There are a number of principles which vitally affect policy-holders' interests. For example, are the policy-holders satisfied to continue the intense and expensive competition for new business, under which they have to pay the first-year cost of carrying practically every new policy? Are they satisfied with the agency commissions and expenses which make the total costs of management, for the Big Three, pretty nearly equal the total income from their thousand millions of invested assets? Why shouldn't the persons actually in interest—the policy-holders—express their opinions upon such subjects as these?

What would become of popular interest in politics if the electors' sole function were to choose, out of several nominees, the one whom they thought likely to prove most honest? If the companies are really to be and stay mutualized, the policy-holders should be given a broader electoral interest.

The Real Pan-American Bond

THE Pan-American Congress, recently assembled at Rio, excites the imagination. That is what it was meant to do. What mind so dull that it does not glow over a picture of all the nations of this half the world gathered in loving brotherhood—and sitting still in that attitude while the United States sells the others a lot more harvesters, sewing-machines, typewriters and electric appliances? To realize this dream is a task worthy the best endeavor of statesmanship, and requiring it, because it is so difficult.

Central and South America are about the farthest off from us of any lands enjoying a considerable commerce. The temperamental gulf is suggested by the single fact that, during our late misunderstanding with Spain, the sympathies of our fellow-Americans to the south went to that monarchy. The diplomatic distance is increased, paradoxically, by the geographical nearness. Except for this physical proximity we should be relieved of such disturbing incidents as our benevolent appropriation of Santo Domingo custom-houses, our moral support of the Panama revolution, and the question, still pending, whether we can permit the Venezuela courts to deal according to their own laws with one of our trusts. Probably the sum of such irritating episodes and the suspicions which they engender cost us the sale of many a mower and dynamo.

Diplomacy must do its best to remove the irritation and smooth the way for trade. If the trade, both ways, gets big enough we Pan-Americans will become very friendly. International amity is mostly built on a balance-sheet. "Great and good friend," cries one chancellery to another, with the dew of honest emotion in its eye, "we love you as our own flesh and blood; and we are offering ten per cent. off for cash this month." The United States is simply bound to feel friendly toward a world which buys seventeen hundred million dollars' worth of her goods in a year. Lovers of the ideal of human solidarity must wish that South America would hurry up and treble her exports to this country.

The Clerk and the Millions

THIS is still the land of opportunity. A poor clerk, by investing two cents in a postage-stamp, and without assuming any risk whatever, made a profit of several thousand dollars on Panama Canal bonds. In offering the bonds, the Government omitted the customary stipulation that bidders must furnish some slight evidence of pecuniary responsibility. Anybody could bid for as many millions as he chose. If his bid was accepted and the bonds advanced in the market after allotment, the profit which accrued would be like money from Santa Claus. This chance was open to as many poor clerks as there are in the United States. One of them saw it, guessed the proper figure to bid, and reaped the reward.

The other twenty-five millions of bonds were awarded to bidders of ample financial ability. They also, at current market prices, have a handsome profit in the deal. The clerk had to find somebody to pay for his bonds. Such of the other bidders as happen to be national banks and signify their intention to use the bonds as a basis for circulation need not complete payment for them until the circulation is taken out—that is, they can pay for the bonds with the circulating notes which the bonds secure.

It is the land of opportunity for rich and poor. But, all things considered, you have a better chance at the opportunity if you are a bank than you do if you are a poor clerk.

No Way to Stand but Pat

THE Republican party is always long of practical statesmanship. A recent conference of its leaders at Oyster Bay reiterates the dictum that the tariff "must be amended only by its friends." This reminds one that for a long while the party stood heroically for bimetalism and the free coinage of silver—provided the leading commercial nations of the world would coöperate. As it was obvious that the leading commercial nations would not coöperate, this was as harmless as declaring for a closed shop, provided all employers agreed thereto; or for limiting great fortunes, unless owners of such fortunes objected. Nevertheless, there in the platform was recognition of the bimetallic principle—for use in doubtful districts. After McKinley's decisive victory over Bryan, the party came out squarely for a single gold standard.

The principle that the tariff may be amended will be fully recognized in the pending Congressional campaign; but the amending must be done only by its friends. This is very like advocating free silver in coöperation with Europe, which will not coöperate. How can the friends of the tariff amend it, when, as they admit, they will not undertake the task except in obedience to popular will, and any expression of popular will which amounts to a mandate to amend the tariff will put its friends out of power? With the unprecedented sum of three hundred millions derived from customs duties last year, the Government only a little more than met expenses. No doubt a revision of the tariff that met popular expectations would lessen customs receipts, and there would be a deficit and no end of fiscal perplexities. High tariff, moreover, is built into the very bone of the party organization.

We notice, with pain, a disposition here and there to accuse Uncle Joseph Cannon and his fellows of mere bull-headed stubbornness. This is very unjust. Uncle Joseph is standing pat because it is the only way he can stand except on his head. Meanwhile it is good practical statesmanship to recognize the principle that the tariff may be revised, just as it was to recognize the principle of bimetalism. It makes the stand, so to speak, so much more pat.

Going into Politics

PERHAPS the young man, anxious to guide himself aright, may be somewhat confused by two extraordinarily conflicting statements, each by a high authority. Senator Platt is quoted as earnestly advising him to "leave politics alone." Justice Brewer, of the Supreme Court, opines that "we shall never pass the danger line of our government until every individual man feels that upon him rests the destiny of his country." As a matter of course, nobody could feel that and leave politics alone.

Senator Platt, we believe, far excels the Justice in the extent and intimacy of his acquaintance with the subject of which he speaks; but we venture to doubt whether his advice proceeded from that calm, deliberate, judicial state of mind in which the Justice must be supposed to have spoken. His express company has just been put under the supervision of the Interstate Commerce Commission—an event which may have set up in the aged statesman's intellectuals a certain disgust with politics; a non-judicial bias in the light of which that field of human endeavor appears to him a mere sandy waste. In the nature of things, only a few young men can own express companies. For these the Senator's advice to eschew politics may be profitable. Others will find themselves more attracted by Justice Brewer's view; yet many of them will experience a certain modest difficulty in working up the full height and strength of feeling which he prescribes. We are bound to believe, even without Justice Brewer's confirmation, that that young man is the best citizen who does feel the weight of the nation's destiny resting upon his shoulders. We have known a number of such young men, and have admired their civic value, but have found them rather disagreeable to live with. Very likely, after all the advice has been spoken, a majority of young men will put politics, with good nature and an honest mind, among their lesser interests, avoiding mere cynical and selfish detachment, but not achieving that degree of self-conscious responsibility which makes their friends prefer applauding their virtues to suffering their company.

When an Actress Marries

THE theatrical profession has long had the habit of marriage and divorce. It seems puzzling to the ordinary citizen who chooses one wife, with the expectation of living with her until death intervenes, that actors and actresses should take the trouble to remarry and go to the expense of the marriage license, knowing that, almost invariably, there must follow the additional expense of divorce proceedings. It is even more puzzling that the great public should evince the frantic interest it does in these frequent and ephemeral ceremonies. A well-known actress goes off on an automobile with a party of friends, and, finding somewhere a church and a minister handy, gets married to a companionable young man. The newspapers scent the news, and the retiring couple are hounded through half a dozen States in their attempt to escape the eager reporters, who want to know on behalf of the public whether they are really married, and did they really mean it, and is it for keeps.

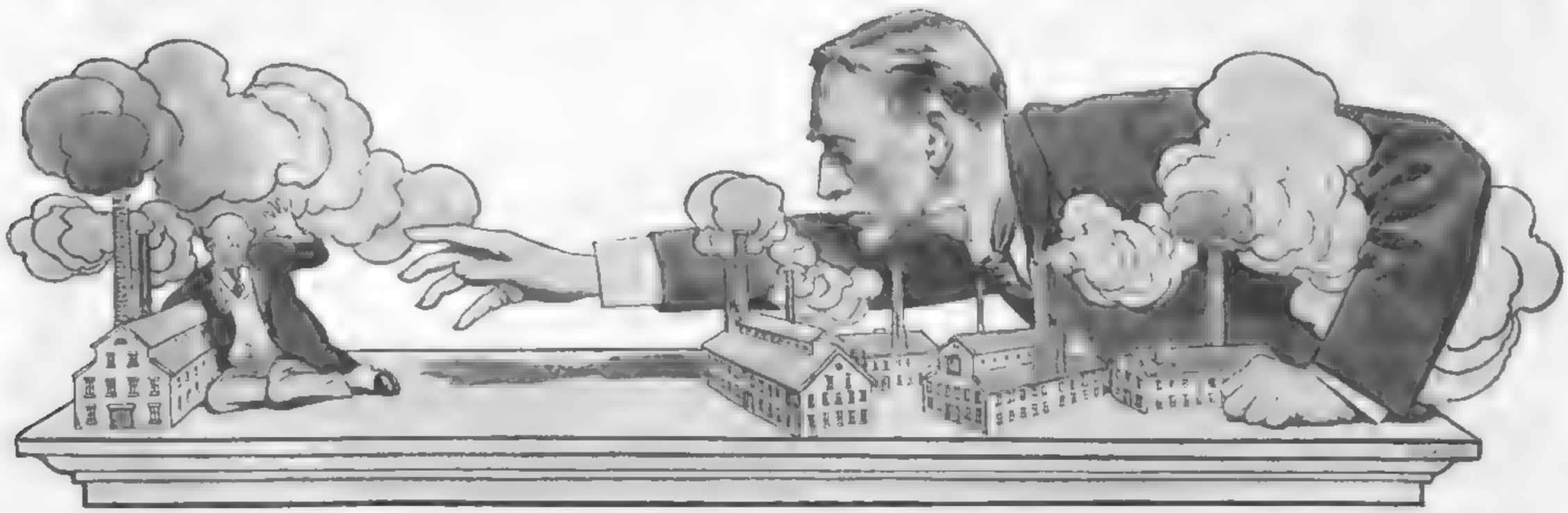
Is it because all the world loves a lover, and the more times he or she is a lover the more the world loves to hear about it? Or is it because the plain citizen who keeps the marriage vow has a sneaking admiration for the light manner in which the profession deals with what is to him a great solemnity? Probably, for their part, actors take a professional interest in the holy state of matrimony, and seek personal experience in as many forms as possible of the great human contract. All the world, as we know, is a stage, and being married forms a very large part of the play thereon. The popular actress has a far greater opportunity than her obscurer sisters to change her lot in life and try for "the perfect thing."

Gossip

GOSSIP is the ordinary man or woman's chief literary amusement. It is the way in which he or she—it is an unsettled question whether it is more often she than he—takes an interest in the drama of life, the actions and the characters of human beings. The stuff of literature is human character, and the stuff of gossip is human character—or the lack of it. What people are, what they have done, what they are doing or going to do—that is the prime interest of every normal being who is alive enough to have any interest beyond the brute egotism of his own instincts. Beside gossip, the literary story pales because it is remote and vague, and gossip is hot off the stove and vivid as life. It makes little difference whether gossip is based on Truth any more than whether literature is based on Fact. Its success lies in closely simulating truth, in observing the probabilities not the actualities, in presenting the larger truths of possibility rather than tame fact. There is very little Truth going in this old world, after all: we get along well enough for the most part on assumption and appearance—the shadow for the thing itself. The newspaper at breakfast furnishes us with a plausible theory of the world's doing, which, when we stop to consider it, is largely unfounded gossip about the Czar, the Standard Oil Company, the new murderer, or the latest activity of the President. Such unauthenticated "news" is as good food for the imagination as if it were a collection of indubitable facts followed by an affidavit. What we all want is human interest.

Few of our ideas are based on Truth, but still fewer of our neighbors' have that foundation. This is the expansive season when opinion and rumor fly by night. Let us all gossip and keep cool.

MODERN BUSINESS PRACTICE



Studies in Good Will

By WILL PAYNE

THE "good will" of the captains of industry cuts a very large figure in the capitalization of modern corporations. I wish to show, also, how large a figure it cuts in actual business.

Bryan and free silver were defeated in November, 1896; McKinley was inaugurated in March, 1897. These two dates are commonly, and vaguely, taken as marking the termination of the long depression that followed the panic of 1893 and the beginning of the present cycle of prosperity. As a matter of fact, however, no appreciable upturn followed either of them. After the election and after the inauguration business still dragged. Liquidation had been very thorough, a sound basis had been established; but the languid blood did not start; nothing happened; nobody took the lead. Farm produce was still almost at panic prices. In June, 1897, wheat, for the September delivery, sold around sixty cents. On July 1 it sold at 64¼ cents. Then a gallant young strategist bought some twenty million bushels of it and, by August 26, advanced the price to $1.03¼. The bull infection spread to the stock market, and shares began to move upward.

Here was something tangible—wheat over a dollar a bushel; stocks going up. Business men began to take courage and push forward. And it is at least a tenable theory that this cycle of good times was touched off, or set in motion, by the good will of that dashing captain of industry, Mr. Joseph Leiter, who bought the wheat.

In the winter talk of a war with Spain disturbed confidence. In the spring, war became a certainty, unsettling stocks and to some extent checking the business revival. Of course, the war helped the wheat deal, and in April, 1898, that cereal touched $1.85 a bushel; but elsewhere the immediate influence of the war was, in the main, depressing. About the time of the big victories, which should have been stimulating, Mr. Leiter "went broke," and his wheat deal collapsed, thereby rendering his good will inoperative. Again there was something of a pause. Everybody was ready to go ahead; but decisive leadership did not appear. Early in the fall, Roswell P. Flower, former Governor of New York, inaugurated a large bull campaign in stocks, which quickened the business pulse.

When the Good Times Came

STOCKS boomed through the winter and early spring. An era of good times was definitely under way. How considerable a part ex-Governor Flower's good will had played in it is suggested by the dénouement. Eating luncheon at a country club on Friday, May 12, 1899, the bull leader suffered an apoplectic stroke. That afternoon the stock market turned inexplicably heavy. Afterward it was alleged, with a good deal of ill-nature, that solicitous friends of the Governor, learning that his illness was taking a fatal direction, prudently unloaded large quantities of so-called Flower stocks. By Saturday morning everybody knew the leader was dead, and, at the opening of the Exchange, active shares showed a drop of from ten to fifteen points.

Good times, however, were firmly established because the whole business community was then infected with confidence. So the sudden extinguishment in death of the Flower good will caused only a temporary disturbance. In 1901, J. P. Morgan was the great bull leader, and how much, at a given time, may depend upon a certain captain's good will is suggested by the circumstance that adventurous English speculators in underwriting, or insurance, then found some business in issuing policies which would indemnify the holders—these being business men with large commitments—against such loss as they might suffer, up to a stipulated amount, by Mr. Morgan's death.

The business situation is a state of mind. The producing capacity of the country is always there; the consuming capacity is always there. In 1894 and '95 armies of unemployed men marched by closed mills whose output they would have bought, or enabled others to buy, if the mills had opened and given them work. The banks were full of idle money which they could not lend, because business men, seeing no demand for money, knew that trade was at a standstill.

A Question of Faith

BETWEEN producer and consumer stands the business organization, which is directed by human minds. If everybody is confident, the organization works at a full capacity and the results inspire more confidence, which leads to an enlargement of the capacity, with still better results and still higher confidence. But the banker, observing that his credits are much expanded, begins to reduce them. The borrowers, thus restricted, must curtail their own operations, buying less of materials and of labor. The men who sell the materials and labor adjust themselves to the restriction by drawing upon their surpluses in the bank. The banker then has less money to put out and again curtails his loans. The railroad magnate, seeing that money is becoming dear, stops ordering rails and locomotives. The rail and locomotive men can then buy fewer materials and employ less labor. Labor can buy fewer goods. The railroad tonnage consequently falls off. The railroad man meets this condition by discharging employees. The discharged employees reduce the volume of trade in their neighborhoods, which causes a further loss of tonnage and further retrenchment. In short, the condition of fear or of confidence continually acts and reacts upon itself until we have, on the one hand, a towering state of prosperity or, on the other, a dismal state of depression.

Perhaps this is too trite. But, when the constant tendency is to limit discretionary power over business to fewer and fewer men—because business is consolidating into fewer and fewer units—then the state of mind of those men must become increasingly important; their "good will" more and more worthy of attention. Thus there is actually a good deal of truth in the recent statement of President Cassatt, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, concerning what he calls the present hostility of the press to the railroads and its coöperation with "some of the leaders of the two great political parties" in creating an "anti-corporation public sentiment." The statement concludes:

"If this course is pursued much longer it can only result in undermining confidence, in the suspension of improvements and in general business depression from which the whole country will suffer."

We have nothing to do here with the political side of the cheerful doctrine—which seems fairly deducible from the above—that certain men have become so powerful that the public cannot attack their abuses except on pain of suffering a general business depression; nor with the further reflection that their abuses make them still more powerful and consequently still more immune from attack. It is merely the economic or business side that we are considering; and on that side it seems quite clear that a half-dozen great captains could very easily, by concertedly stopping railroad improvements and curtailing the credits of the banks which they control, throw the whole business organization into a most disastrous confusion—provided, of course, they were willing to complete that emulation of Samson by perishing under the wreck of the structure.

Such might, indeed, very easily be the effect of a sudden and concerted withdrawal of the captains' good will. In the preceding article I attempted to show how much this "good will," which plays so large a part in modern business, was a purely personal, individual asset of the captain or strategist; how it had nothing to do with the old-fashioned notion of good will as consisting of established trade relations, patent-rights, trademarks and the like.

By way of illustration, some fifteen years ago English promoters, who had had extensive and profitable experience on their own side in capitalizing and floating industrial enterprises—not without due regard to old-fashioned good-will values—turned their attention to the promising industrial field on this side. They had an excellent plan of campaign. They proposed to confine themselves to bread, meat and beer; to buy only flourishing, promising concerns and to capitalize them well within their approved earning capacity of the past, without regard to such advantages as might accrue from consolidation. They did so—and their experience was shockingly disastrous.

One Way to Fail

IN THE Chicago field alone, the concerns that they brought out were capitalized at about fifty million dollars, and they show a loss of almost thirty millions of capital without regard to long arrears of dividends. Breweries that first paid eight per cent. on the preferred stock, and ten per cent. on the common, so declined that, first, nothing was paid on the common stocks, and then nothing on the preferred. One was reorganized by cutting the capital almost in half. Another drags out a miserable, dividendless existence. The Chicago Packing Company was one of the most prosperous concerns at the yards. The first year after the English took it over it paid fifteen per cent. on the common stock. It has since wound up its career and gone out of existence with a total loss to common stockholders. Another packing concern paid only twenty-five cents on the dollar on its bonds. The Hammond Company, originally one of the biggest packers, went through a drastic reorganization and was sold back to American owners. A combination of grain-elevators, from which two large Chicago fortunes were originally derived, went through reorganization, then into the hands of receivers.

Now, there was nothing the matter with these plants. All the tangible property was excellent and, probably, worth the price put upon it. There was nothing the matter with the old-fashioned good will. The established trade relations, brands, trademarks and the like, were there just as before. For a year or more after the Englishmen took

control the concerns were, almost without exception, as flourishing as ever. More than that, in most cases the very men who had been managing the businesses with signal success were continued in managerial positions. The real trouble was that, after the purchase, the final managerial discretion was transferred to London and put in the hands of English directors—excellent men, without doubt, and able in their own fields, but not in touch with American conditions. Thus the American's strategy could not operate. His recommendations, tested by English conditions, seemed impolitic; or, by the time the London board got around to adopt them, conditions had changed again.

If Armour, for example, or one like him, had owned the Chicago Packing Company, he would not have seen it fall into decay through failure to meet the changing conditions of the meat trade. He would, with an undisturbed and autocratic will, have met each change as it arose.

In the Captain's Power

This illustration, it seems to me, merits thoughtful consideration. English corporations, mainly, are much more democratic than ours. The sense of responsibility to the stockholders is more acute. The stockholders consider themselves more as part-owners. They go to the annual meetings. They went to the annual meetings of their American enterprises—often stormed valiantly at the English directors and the American managers, too. But, in the end, all they did was to pass a vote of thanks and trot away. Their discretionary power did them no good, because, as a matter of fact, the success of their enterprises depended not at all upon plants and machinery and trademarks and the like, but upon an able, fluid, autocratic management that could meet changing conditions as they arose. Which is the same thing as saying that it depended upon a captain's good will.

Another quasi-English venture, the Chicago Junction Railways and Union Stock Yards Company, shows again how little plant and machinery have to do with it. This company bought the Chicago Stock Yards—a very prosperous concern. Soon afterward Messrs. Armour, Swift and Morris discovered that they were not satisfied with the situation at the yards. So they purchased a large tract of land over in Indiana and announced that they would move their slaughtering establishments thither, which would render the twenty-million-dollar plant of the Chicago Junction Railways and Union Stock Yards Company rather unremunerative, although the plant in itself would be as excellent as before. The company paid the "big three" three million dollars in consideration of their agreement to remain and continue their good will toward it. The little packers then combined and received a handsome bonus for the continuation of their good will.

The history of the Corn Products Refining Company affords an interesting and instructive study in this good will that we are concerned with. Ten years ago there was a very profitable glucose plant in Chicago, conducted by a young man named Matthiessen, a real captain in his line. When industrial combinations began, five lesser plants were bought, and the Glucose Sugar Refining Company was organized with $14,000,000 of preferred stock and $26,000,000 of common, for good will. Captain Matthiessen had good will enough to go around, however, and the company paid seven per cent. on the preferred and six per cent. on the common.

How the Standard Stood

Competition began to appear, perhaps encouraged by the success of this company. In the usual strategetic effort to subdue it—heightened, possibly, by a desire to acquire more capitalized good will in the form of stock bonuses—the Corn Products Company was organized, five years after the original consolidation, with $27,000,000 preferred and $45,000,000 common. It took over the chief competing plants all but one. That one, located in New York, was owned by gentlemen affiliated with the Standard Oil Company. It seems to be characteristic of Standard Oil men that they like to buy much better than to sell. They were not willing to dispose of their company to the consolidation, but, to show their amiable intentions, they agreed to sell it, at a satisfactory price, a forty-nine per cent. interest—or just enough not to carry control of the management.

In these circumstances, the Corn Products Company started out promisingly. The first year it earned over four millions, out of which it paid four per cent. dividends on the common stock. It presently developed, however, that the company's captaincy was not powerful enough, in the way of subduing competition, to correspond with the load of stock that had been issued, in part at least, to represent the captains' contribution of competition-subduing good will. Captain Matthiessen and his fellows may have been positively as puissant as ever; but it seems that the good will of the New York Glucose Company captains was operating, not on the side of the Corn Products Company, which owned forty-nine per cent. of its stock, but on the side of the Standard Oil gentlemen, who owned fifty-one per cent. In short, the New York concern cut prices, and a trade war followed. Corn Products reduced the dividend on the common; then passed it. Then it reduced the dividend on the preferred; then passed that. The common dropped to nine dollars a share, the preferred to sixty-five dollars; and, in its last year, the income of the company was only $180,000.

A reorganization followed. The Corn Products Refining Company, controlled by Standard Oil men, took over the concern. It was, in a way, a case of the tail swallowing the dog—because the most powerful captains operated in the interests of the tail and endowed it with their superior good will. Something like this happened to the National Linseed Oil Company, which, after a valiant struggle with competition, disappeared into the Standard Oil maw, where the good will of the captains is sufficiently powerful to protect it.

Circumvent Competition

Plants and machinery amount to little. Tangible property is a secondary item. The success or failure of a modern corporation depends upon the ability of the management. This, nine times out of ten, means the management's power to circumvent competition. The more business is consolidated, the smaller, naturally, the number of men who, by their connections, influence and strategy, can successfully manage it. The small, independent concern, if it is within the strategetical field of the big operators, is often like the small independent State which must scuttle under the wing of a great protector.

The Shelby Steel Tube Company was an excellent and unusually conservative industrial proposition, organized by Colonel Frank O. Lowden and other able and prudent men. Its chief competitor was the National Tube Company, promoted by Mr. Morgan. It took its supply of raw material—steel billets—from the Carnegie Company. Along came the United States Steel consolidation, which combined the Carnegie and National Tube with other companies. Thus the Shelby's raw material supply and its chief competitor were in the same hands—and it promptly accepted the moderate price which the Steel Trust offered for its property and trade.

These illustrations of the importance of the captains' good will are taken from among the "industrials," because the industrial corporation is the newer creation and, therefore, shows most clearly the impress of modern practice. The same law obtains in the railroad field, however. In recent years scores of smaller roads have been drawn within the strategetical spheres of the great operators. The Chicago and Alton was reorganized, with a huge inflation of the capitalization, on the theory that one of the big strategists would take it over and by his good will toward it—exercised in the way of giving it traffic and the like—endow it with sufficient earning capacity to justify the inflated capital.

Often enough the captains take control of a road not because they particularly want it for its own sake, but purely for its strategetical importance—to keep some rival captains from getting it. Then their interest in that road need not at all coincide with the interests of the stockholders at large. It is to the interest of the latter that the road be developed to its utmost. It may be to the interest of the strategists to keep it at a minimum development. Some stockholders in the Lake Erie and Western, for example, have found fault with the Vanderbilts, since they took control in 1899. For five years previous to that the line had paid five per cent. on the preferred stock; but, subsequent to the Vanderbilt control, it paid three per cent.

In the early exhilaration of boom times and of their own swiftly waxing power, the railroad captains, although operating to restrict competition as regards the patrons of railroads, yet competed fiercely with one another in the eagerness to extend their several systems. Naturally, people with railroads to sell enjoyed all the benefits of this brisk, competitive market. Many of them got tip-top prices. As an extreme example, it was an effect of the competition between Captains Hill and Harriman for control of Northern Pacific which put the common stock of that road, for a few hours, to one thousand dollars a share. The Rock Island captains paid such good prices for some of the properties they took over that the system has had a rather waterlogged appearance ever since.

Better be Nice to the Captain

Latterly, however, this strategetical competition—which is pretty nearly all the competition there is left in the railroad world—has been by no means so lively. John R. Walsh, the Chicago banker, put many millions into the construction and development of some small lines in Indiana and Illinois. In liquidating his bank, the Clearing House Association assumed the burden of carrying the railroads, and looked about for a purchaser. Three systems, each dominated by its captain, or small group of captains, were in a position to purchase; but—to this writing—they have failed to compete, apparently preferring the more prudent course of sitting unitedly by until the plum is ready to drop into their laps.

The point here, as in all the foregoing, is found in the surprisingly dominant position of a few individuals. It lies very largely within the discretion of a half-dozen men to say what the value of the Walsh roads shall actually be. They can extend their good will to the enterprises, complete them, give them traffic and make them highly valuable. For more than five years the fluctuations in railroad stocks on the Exchange have been based, to a very considerable extent, upon the play of the captains' strategy—that is, upon their good will.

For a good while the big "bull point" that sustained the market was the community of interest idea—being a theory that the captains were going to get together brotherly and pull all together. The market valuation of one railroad property after another has been changed to the extent of tens of millions of dollars simply by a rumor, or hypothesis, as to the attitude of one captain toward another—for example, the advance in St. Paul on a rumor that Harriman had concluded to take it into his system, or the decline in Pennsylvania when Mr. Cassatt chopped down Mr. Gould's telegraph-poles. The market manifestation of the fight between Hill and Harriman was the greatest decline in railroad valuations ever known in a single day. It entices the imagination to reflect upon the tremendous part which the inclination, temperament and aims of a few individuals really play in modern business.

Last winter we were at a floodtide of prosperity, with all productive industry fully employed, a fair outlook and stocks correspondingly lively and buoyant. If a private citizen named Rogers had then encountered a private citizen named Morgan at the corner of Wall and Broad Streets and slapped his face the market valuation of the railroads of the United States would have declined several hundred million dollars by the time the patrol-wagon arrived.

Breeding Consolidation

I suppose no one will dispute the statement that the industrial world, along the lines of staple manufacture and transportation, will never again be resolved into a multiplicity of autonomous units. On the contrary, every consolidation logically calls for a bigger consolidation. This is especially true under the typical practice in America, where, as we have seen, at practically every stage of the consolidating process, there is a capitalization of the "good-will" value, which is expected to result from the restriction of competition. This capitalized good will must then be protected, and a second and larger consolidation is the easiest way to do it. Thus the good will values which Messrs. Moore and Gates injected into their steel combinations, and

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Morgan into the National Tube combine, have been validated by the subsequent and still greater United States Steel combination. Soon after the first glucose combination, leading starch plants consolidated in the National Starch Company. Later it became expedient to consolidate the two, and other like properties, in the Corn Products Company, in order to protect the good-will values in the first combines. In welding the Burlington to the Hill Northwest system, the capitalization of the road was increased by more than a hundred millions—which meant so much more powerful a motive to restrict competition. The fairly grotesque inflation of capital in the New York City transportation system was not really a thing in the same illogical category with an inebriate sailor's reckless fancies, as some lay critics seem to think. When Gould in Manhattan Elevated, and Whitney and Ryan in Metropolitan Street Railway, began to pour in the water—or good will—to go ahead with more consolidation was partly a matter of self-protection.

At present, in the railroad field, there are very few examples left of the old-fashioned, autonomous, single-hearted road that operates for itself alone, and thus clearly and directly for the benefit of the body of its stockholders, without the powerfully modifying influence of the larger strategy of a great captain or group of captains. And probably the few surviving instances of the older type will disappear. One of the most interesting questions in the railroad world at this writing, for example, turns upon the fate of the Illinois Central. Under the management of President Fish, this road has kept itself quite old-fashioned, even indulging the eccentricity of urging small stockholders to attend the annual meeting and sending them passes for that purpose. Whether President Fish incurred the animosity of Mr. Harriman during the life-insurance troubles, or whether Mr. Harriman wishes control of the road for purely strategetical reasons, is quite immaterial: the Street believes that he has embarked in a campaign to secure control.

Gobbling the Illinois Central

If Mr. Harriman succeeds, the Illinois Central will become a part of the immense Harriman system, and it will be operated in conformity with Mr. Harriman's policies. Those policies may be beneficial to the remaining body of Illinois Central stockholders, or they may not. The point here is that the road will no longer be autonomous, but will become simply a part of a grand system, directed by a grand strategy. The holders of its outstanding stock will no longer have a voice in shaping its policy; but that policy will be dictated in harmony with the policy of Union Pacific, Southern Pacific, Oregon Short Line and so on.

Very likely this is the best position for an ordinary stockholder under modern practice. At any rate it seems nearly the only one open to him when his share of stock to a considerable extent consists of, and its current value is so largely contingent upon, some leader's good will, rather than upon any physical or tangible property.

This good-will value, which cuts so large a figure for the ordinary stockholder, is mostly extra-legal. Broadly speaking, the law concerns itself with the physical property. Thus, if a share of stock, like Steel Common, is about nine parts captains' good will, the law hasn't much to do with it. Indeed, it has been urged that the captains should either altogether cease capitalizing their good will, or else capitalize all of it, so that the man of moderate means would have an opportunity, for example, to buy fifty shares of Morgan's Good Will preferred, and thus be able to participate in the vast profits which accrue from the exercise of that good will. As things are now, the body of United States Steel shareholders own stock of the face value of about $150,000,000 (as shown in a previous article) which represents simply the good will that the captains contributed through their ability to organize the combination.

Capitalized Good Will

Yet these shareholders have no legal claim whatever upon this good will. The same group of captains could to-morrow organize a rival Steel Trust, which, while of lesser dimensions than the first, would cut its trade to pieces and so vastly depreciate its stock. In fact, on a small scale, this same thing has happened more than once. Men have capitalized their good will in the shares of one concern, then sold out and organized a rival concern, thereby destroying the good-will value of which they had the price in their pockets.

The consolidation of business to restrict competition is a world-wide movement, and has gone on elsewhere almost as rapidly as with us. Elsewhere, however, it has, in the main, proceeded on rather different lines. For example, in Germany the coal, iron and steel industries are quite effectually consolidated; not, as with us, by means of a New Jersey corporation which takes over actual ownership of the various concerns, but by means of "cartels"—pools or agreements—in which the manufacturers join, each in their several lines and finally in a grand cartel or syndicate. Where the manufacturers are able to do this, without actually selling out to a consolidating corporation and so parting with all control over their individual plants, the services of the captain of industry are not so much required. Where this natural and obvious method of eliminating competition is pursued, there is little opportunity to capitalize good will. However, our popular, but asinine, laws against restraints of trade make it very difficult, if not practically impossible, to restrict competition in this manner.

A Son of the Law

We are under the same necessity of restricting competition as the Germans and everybody else; but we have to do it in the face of prohibitive laws. So we take the roundabout method of organizing a New Jersey corporation which buys the various plants. The very difficulties which our anti-trust laws erect bring in the captain of industry. As he must buy the plants and go to a lot of risk and trouble, he takes a generous share of the stocks of the new corporation. Thus, in a way, this great mass of good-will stocks is the tax we have to pay for having passed foolish laws—which only men of unusual power and ability can circumvent, the able men charging us a correspondingly tall price for the service. Our anti-trust laws do not in the least prevent trusts, but merely saddle them with some expensive and objectionable features.

Possibly the fact that the dominating business strategists, who more and more take control of our large corporations, are primarily doing something that is in antagonism to the spirit of the laws—namely, eliminating competition—has a subconscious influence in weakening the old, legally-sanctioned notion of strict accountability to the body of stockholders. Perhaps even more influential in the same direction is the typical fact that the men who actually dominate the corporation have, in many cases, only the most tenuous legal relationship to the body of stockholders, or even no legal relationship at all. Sometimes their names do not appear at all in the roster of directors and officers, the latter being merely their nominees and subordinates. Sometimes they do not even hold the stock in their own names.

In the case of "controlled" railroads, the board of directors itself may have actually no discretion except within the narrow limits of operating details. The larger policies are dictated by the "controlling" interest. If the directors, who are the legal representatives of the body of stockholders, have no discretion, how can the outside or ordinary stockholders themselves have any? Probably it isn't good for them to have any, in typical modern cases, for—so large are the policies, so highly important the strategetical operations of the captains—they could hardly exercise it intelligently.

Of course, there is still one point where the ordinary man does have full discretion and can exercise it untrammeled. That is the point where he decides whether or not he will buy the stock. If he elects to buy it, he must take the game as it lies.

THE FIGHTING CHANCE

(Continued from Page 15)

Sylvia? Very well; I demand this of you now."

And still she stood there, her eyes wide, her color gone, repeating: "Excuse? What excuse? What do you mean by 'excuse,' Howard?"

"I have told you. You know my wishes. If he has a telephone, you can communicate with him——"

"And say that you forbid me——"

"If you choose. Yes; say that I object to him. Is there anything extraordinary in a man objecting to his future wife dining in the country at a common inn with a notorious outcast from every decent club and circle in New York?"

"What!" she whispered, white as death. "What did you say?"

"Shall I repeat what everybody except you seems to be aware of? Do you care to have me explain to you exactly why decent people have ostracised this man with whom you are proposing to figure in a public resort?"

He turned to Leila, who stood at the window, her back turned toward them: "Mrs. Mortimer, when Mr. Plank arrives you will be kind enough to explain why Sylvia is unable to accompany you."

If Leila heard she neither turned nor made sign of comprehension.

"We will dine at the Santa Regina," he said to Sylvia. "Agatha is there and I'll find somebody at the club to——"

"Why bother to find anybody?" said Leila, wheeling on him, exasperated. "Why not dine there with Agatha alone? It will not be the first time, I fancy!"

"What do you mean?" he said fiercely, under his breath. The color had left his face, too, and in his eyes Leila saw for the first time an expression that she had never before surprised in any eyes except her husband's. It was the expression of fright; she recognized it. But Sylvia stared, unenlightened, at an altered visage she scarcely knew for Quarrier's.

"What do I mean?" repeated Leila; "I mean what I say; and if you don't understand it you can find the key to it, I fancy. Nor shall I answer to you for my guests. I invite whom I choose. Mr. Siward is one, Mr. Plank is another. Sylvia, if *you* care to come I shall be delighted."

"I do care to come," said Sylvia. Her heart was beating violently, her eyes were on Quarrier.

"If you go," said Quarrier, showing the glimmering edge of teeth under his beard, "you will answer to me for it."

"I will answer you now, Howard, I am going with Mrs. Mortimer. What have you to say?"

"I'll say it to-morrow," he replied, contemplating her in a dull impassive manner as though absorbed in other things.

"Say what there is to be said now!" she insisted, the hot color staining her cheeks again. "Do you desire me to free you? Is that all? I will if you wish."

"No. And I shall not free you, Sylvia. This—all this can be adjusted in time."

"As you please," she said slowly.

"In time," he repeated, his passionless voice now under perfect control. He turned and looked at Leila; all the wickedness of his anger was concentrated in his gaze. Then he took his leave of them as formally, as precisely as though he had forgotten the whole scene; and a minute later the big motor ran out into a half-circle, backed, wheeled, and rolled away through the thickening dusk, the glare of the acetylenes sweeping the deserted street.

Into the twilight sped Quarrier, head bent, but his soft, dark-lashed eyes of a woman fixed steadily ahead. Every energy, every thought was now bent to this newest phase of the same question which he and Fate were finding simpler to solve every minute. Of all the luxuries he permitted himself openly or furtively, one—the rarest of them all—his self-denial had practically eliminated from the list: the luxury of punishing where no end was served save that of mere personal satisfaction. The temptation of this luxury now presented itself and the means of gratification were so simple, so secret, so easy to command, that the temptation became almost a duty.

Siward he had not turned out of his way to injure; Siward had been in the way that was all, and his ruin was to have been merely an agreeable coincidence with the purposed ruin of Amalgamated Electric before Inter-County absorbed the fragments. But here was a new phase. Mrs. Mortimer, whom he had expected to use, and if necessary

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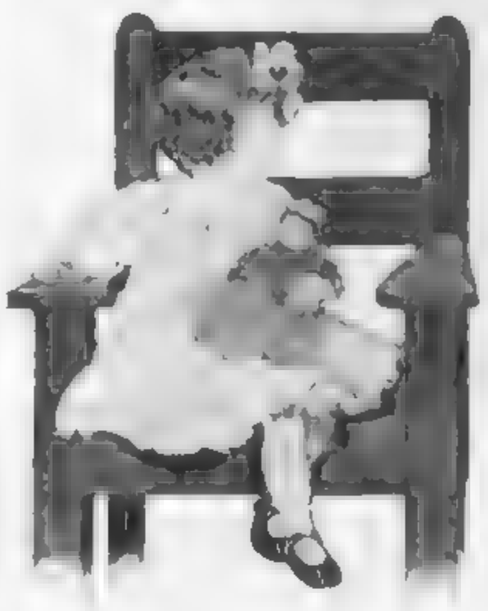

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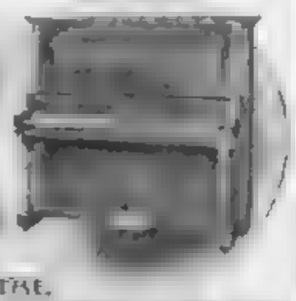

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sacrifice, had suddenly turned vicious. And he now hated her as coldly as he hated Major Belwether for betraying suspicions of a similar nature. As for Plank, fear and hatred of him were becoming hatred and contempt. He had the means of checking Plank if Mortimer did not drop dead before midnight. There remained Sylvia, whom he had selected as the fittest object attainable to transmit his name. Long ago, whatever of liking, of affection, of passion he had ever entertained for her had quieted to indifference and the unemotional contemplation of a future methodically arranged for. Now, of a sudden, this young girl he had bought—he knowing what she sold and what he was paying for—had become exposed to the infection of a suspicion concerning himself and another woman: a woman unmarried, and of his own caste, and numbered among her own friends.

And he knew enough of Sylvia to know that if anybody could once arouse her suspicion nothing on earth could induce her to look into his face again. Suppose Leila should do so this evening?

Certainly Quarrier had several matters to ponder over and provide for; and first and foremost of all to provide for his own security and the vital necessity of preserving his name and his character untainted. In this he had to deal with that miserable judge who had betrayed him; with Mortimer, who had once blackmailed him and who now was temporarily in his service; with Mrs. Mortimer, with Sylvia herself, and with Siward—reckon with Siward's knowledge of matters which it were best that Sylvia should not know.

But first of all, and most important of all, he had to deal with Beverly Plank. And he was going to do it in a manner that Plank could not have foreseen; he was going to stop Plank where he stood, and to do this he was deliberately using his knowledge of the man and paying Plank the compliment of counting on his sense of honor to defeat him.

For he had suddenly found the opportunity to defend himself; he had discovered the joint in Plank's old-fashioned armor—the armor of the old paladins who placed a woman's honor before all else in the world. Now, through his creature, Mortimer, he could menace Plank with a threat to involve him and Leila in a vile publicity; now he was in a position to demand a hearing and a compromise, through his new ambassador, Mortimer, knowing that he could at last halt Plank by threatening Leila with this shameful danger.

First of all he went to the Lenox Club and dressed. Then he dined sparingly and alone. The motor was waiting when he came out ready to run down to the great Hotel Corona, whither the Japanese steward had conducted Mortimer. Mortimer had dined heavily, but his disorganized physical condition was such that it had scarcely affected him at all.

Again Quarrier went over patiently and carefully the very simple part he had reserved for Mortimer that evening, explaining exactly what to say to Leila and what to say to Plank in case of insolent interruption. Then he told Mortimer to be ready at nine o'clock, turned on his heel with a curt word to the Japanese, descended to the street, entered his motor-car again and sped away to the Hotel Santa Regina.

Miss Caithness was at home, came the message in exchange for his cards for Agatha and Mrs. Vendenning. He entered the gilded elevator, stepped out on the sixth floor into a tiny, rococo, public reception-room. Nobody was there besides himself; Agatha's maid came presently, and he turned and followed her into the large and very handsome parlor belonging to the suite which Agatha was occupying with Mrs. Vendenning for the few days that they were to stop in town.

"Hello," she said serenely, sauntering in her long pale hands bracketed on her narrow hips, her lips disclosing her teeth in a smile so like that nervous muscular recession which passed for a smile on Quarrier's visage that, for one moment, he recognized it and thought she was mocking him. But she strolled up to him, meeting his eye calmly, and lifted her slim neck, lips passive under his impetuous kiss.

"Is Mrs. Vendenning out?"

"No, Mrs. Ven. is in, Howard."

"Now? You mean she is coming in to interrupt ——"

"Oh, no; she isn't fond of you, Howard."

She looked at him calmly at close range as he held her embraced, lifted her arms, and with slender, white fingers patted her hair into place where his arm around her head had disarranged it, watching him all the while out of her pale, haunted eyes.

Quarrier's face had color enough now; his voice, too, had lost its passionless, monotonous precision. Whatever was in the man of emotion was astir; his impatient voice, his lack of poise, the almost human lack of caution in his speech betrayed him in a new and interesting light.

"Look here, Agatha, how long is this going to last? Are you trying to make a fool of me? What is the matter? Is there anything wrong?"

"Wrong? Oh, dear, no."

"Agatha, what is the matter? Look here; let's settle this thing now and settle it one way or the other! I won't stand it. I—I can't!"

"Very well," she said, releasing herself from his tightening arms and stepping back with another glance at the mirror and another light touch of her finger-tips on her burnished hair. "Very well," she repeated, gazing again into the mirror; "what am I to understand, Howard?"

"Did you ever misunderstand me?" he demanded hotly. "Did I give you any chance to? Were you ignorant of what *that* meant?"—with a gesture toward the splendid crescent of flashing gems, scintillating where the low, lace bodice met the silky lustre of her skin. "Did you misinterpret the collar? Or the sudden change of fortune in your own family's concerns? Answer me, Agatha, once for all! But you need not answer, after all; *I* know you have never misunderstood me!"

"I misunderstood nothing," she said; "you are quite right."

"Then what are you going to do?"

"Do?" she asked in slow surprise. "What am I to do, Howard?"

"You have said that you loved me."

"I said the truth, I think."

"Then ——"

"Well?"

"How long are you going to keep me at arm's length?" he asked violently.

"That lies with you," she said, smiling. She looked at him for a moment, then, resting her hands on her hips, she began to pace the floor, to and fro, to and fro, and at every turn she raised her head to look at him. All the strange grace of her became insolent provocation—her pale eyes, clear, limpid, harboring no delusions, haunted with the mockery of wisdom, challenged and checked him. "You desire an understanding? *Voilà!* You have it. I love you; I never misunderstood you from the first; I could not afford to."

"You have encouraged ——" His anger choked him—or was it the haunting wisdom of her eyes that committed him to silence?

"I don't know," she said musingly, "what it is in you that I am so mad about—whether it is your brutality, or your wicked eyes of a woman, or the fascination of the mask you turn on the world, and the secret visage that you reserve for me. But I love you—in my own fashion. Count on that, Howard; for that is all you can surely count on. And now, at last, you know."

As he stood there it came to him slowly that, deep within him, he had always known this; that he had never really counted on anything else, though he had throttled his doubts by covering her throat with diamonds.

Long since he knew that in all the world he could never again find such a mate for him. This had, unadmitted even to himself, always remained a hidden secret within this secret man—an unacknowledged, undrawn-on reserve in case of the failure which he, even in sanguine moods, knew in his inmost corrupted soul that his quest was doomed to.

And now he had no more need of secrets from himself; now, turning his gaze inward, he looked upon all with which he had chosen to deceive himself. And there was nothing left for self-deception.

"If I marry you," he said calmly, "at least I know what I am getting."

"I will marry you, Howard. I've got to marry somebody pretty soon. You or Captain Voucher."

For an instant a vicious light flashed in his narrowing eyes. She saw it and shook her head with weary cynicism:

"No, not that. It could not attract me even with you. It is really vulgar—*that* arrangement. *Noblesse oblige, mon ami.* There is a depravity in marrying you that makes all lesser vices stale as virtues."

He said nothing; she looked at him, lazily amused; then, inattentive, turned and paced the floor again.

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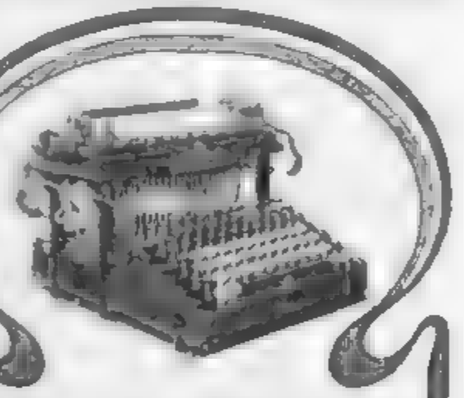

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"Shall I see you to-morrow?" he demanded.

"If you wish. Captain Voucher came down on the same train with me. I'll set him adrift if you like."

"Is he preparing for a declaration?" sneered Quarrier.

"I think so," she said simply.

"Well, if he comes to-night after I'm gone, you wait a final word from me. Do you understand?" he repeated with repressed violence.

"No, Howard. Are you going to propose to me to-morrow?"

"You'll know to-morrow," he retorted angrily. "I tell you to wait. I've a right to that much consideration, anyway."

"Very well, Howard," she said, recognizing in him the cowardice which she had always suspected to be there.

She bade him good-night; he touched her hand but made no offer to kiss her. She laughed a little to herself, watching him striding toward the elevator; then, closing the door, she stood still in the centre of the room, staring at her own reflection, full length, in the gilded pier-glass, her lips edged with a sneer so like Quarrier's that the next moment she laughed aloud, imitating Quarrier's rare laugh from sheer perversity

The night was magnificent; myriads of summer stars spangled the heavens. Even in the reeking city itself a slight freshness grew in the air, although there was no wind to stir the parched leaves of the park trees, among which fireflies floated—their intermittent phosphorescence breaking out with a silvery, starlike brilliancy.

Plank, driving his big motor northward through the night, Leila Mortimer beside him, twice mistook the low glimmer of a firefly for the distant lamp of a motor, which amused Leila, and her clear, young laughter floated back to the ears of Sylvia and Siward, curled up in their corners of the huge tonneau. But they were too profoundly occupied with each other to heed the sudden care-free laughter of the young matron, though in these days the laughter was infrequent enough to set the more merciless tongues wagging when it did sound.

Plank had never seen fit to speak to her of her husband's scarcely-veiled menace that day he had encountered him in the rotunda of the Algonquin Trust Company. His first thought was to do so—to talk it over with her, consider the threat and the possibility of its seriousness, and then come to some logical and definite decision as to what their future relation should be. Again and again he had been on the point of doing this when alone with Leila—uncomfortable, even apprehensive, because of their frank intimacy; but he had never had the opportunity to do so without deliberately dragging in the subject by the ears in all its ugliness and implied reproach for her imprudence, and seeing that dreadful, vacant change in Leila's face, which the mere mention of her husband's name was sure to bring, turn into horror unspeakable.

In all his life he had taken Leila into his arms but once; had kissed her but once—but that once had been enough to arm Mortimer with danger from head to foot. Some prying servant had either listened or seen—perhaps a glimmer of a mirror had betrayed them. At all events, whoever had seen or heard had informed Mortimer, and now the man was equipped: the one and only man in all the world who could with truth accuse Plank; the only man of whom he stood in honest fear.

And it was characteristic of Plank that never for one moment had it occurred to him that the sheer fault of it all lay with Leila; that it was her imprudence alone that now threatened herself and the man she loved—that threatened his very success in life as long as Mortimer should live.

All this, Plank, in his thorough, painstaking review of the subject, had taken into account; and he could not see how it could possibly bear upon the matters now finally to be adjusted between Quarrier and himself, because Quarrier was in New York and Mortimer in Saratoga, and unless the latter had already sold his information the former could not strike at him through knowledge of it.

And yet a curious reluctancy, a hesitation inexplicable—unless overwork explained it—had come over him when Siward had proposed their dining together on the very eve of his completed victory over Quarrier.

It seemed absurd, and Plank was too stolid to entertain superstitions, but he could not, even with Leila laughing there beside him, shake off the dull instinct that all was not well—that Quarrier's attitude was still the attitude of a dangerous man; that he, Plank, should have had this evening in his room alone to study out the matters he had so patiently plodded through in the long hours while Siward slept.

Yet not for one instant did he dream of shifting the responsibility—if responsibility entailed blame—on Siward, who, against Plank's judgment and desire, had on the very eve of consummation drawn him away from that sleepless vigilance which must forever be the price of a business man's safety.

Leila, gay and excited as a schoolgirl, chattered on ceaselessly to Plank; all the silence, all the secrecy of the arid years turning to laughter on her red lips, pouring out, in broken phrases of delight, words strung together for the sheer pleasure of speech and the happiness of her lot to be with him unrestrained.

He remembered once listening to the song of a wild bird on the edge of a clearing at night, and how, standing entranced, the low, distant jar of thunder sounded at moments, scarcely audible—like his heart now, at intervals, dully persistent amid the gayety of her voice.

"And would you believe it, Beverly," she said, "I formed the habit at Shotover of walking across the boundary and strolling into your greenhouses and deliberately helping myself. And every time I did it I was certain one of your men would march me out!"

He laughed, but did not tell her that his men had reported the first episode and that he had instructed them that Mrs. Mortimer and her friends were to do exactly as they pleased at the Falls. However, she knew it, because a garrulous gardener, proud of his service with Plank, had informed her

"Beverly," she said, "you are a dear. If people only knew what I know!"

He began to turn red; she could see it even in the flickering, lamp-shot darkness. And she teased him for a while, very gently, even tenderly; and their voices grew lower in a half-serious badinage that ended with a quiet, indrawn breath, a sigh, and silence.

And now the river swept into view, a darkly luminous sheet set with reflected stars. Mirrored lights gleamed in it; sudden bright, yellow flashes zigzagged into its sombre depths; the foliage edged it with a deeper gloom, over which, on the heights, twinkled the multicolored lights of Riverside Inn.

Up the broad, gentle grade they sped, curving in and out among the clumps of trees and shrubbery, then on a level, sweeping in a great circle up to the steps of the inn.

Now all about them from the brilliantly lighted verandas the gay tumult broke out like an uproarious welcome after the swift silence of their journey; the stir of jolly people keen for pleasure; the clatter of crockery; the coming and going of waiters, of guests, of hansoms, coupés, victorias, and scores of motor-cars wheeling and turning through the blinding glare of their own head-lights.

Somewhere a gipsy orchestra, full of fitful crescendoes and throbbing suspensions of caprice, furnished resonant accompaniment to the joyous clamor; the scent of fountain spray and flowers was in the air.

"I didn't know you had telephoned for a table," said Siward, as a head waiter came up smiling and bowing to Plank. "I confess, in the new excitement of things, I clean forgot it! What a man you are to think of other people!"

Plank reddened again, muttering something evasive, and went forward with Leila.

Sylvia, moving leisurely beside Siward, who was walking slowly but confidently without crutches, whispered to him: "I never really liked Mr. Plank before I understood his attitude toward you."

"He is a man, every inch," said Siward simply.

"I think that generally includes what men of your sort demand, doesn't it?" she asked.

"Men of my sort sometimes demand in others what they themselves are lacking in,' said Siward, laughing. "Sylvia, look at this jolly crowd! Look at all those tables! It seems an age since I have done anything of this sort. I feel like a boy of eighteen—the same funny, quickening

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fascination in me toward everything gay and bright and alive!" He looked around at her laughingly. "As for you," he said, "you look about sixteen. You certainly are the most beautiful thing this beautiful world ever saw!"

"Schoolboy courtship!" she mocked him, lingering as he made his slow way through the crowded place. The tint of excitement was in her eyes and cheeks; the echo of it in her low, happy voice. "Where on earth is Mr. Plank? Oh, I see them! They have a table by the balcony rail, in the corner; and it seems to be rather secluded, Stephen, so I shall, of course, expect you to say nothing further about beauty of any species. . . . . Are you a trifle tired? No? . . . Well, *you* need not be indignant. *I* don't care whether you tumble. Indeed, I don't believe there is really anything the matter with you—you are walking with the same old careless saunter. Mr. Plank," as they arrived and seated themselves, "Mr. Siward has just admitted that he uses crutches only because they are ornamental. Leila, isn't this air delicious? All sorts of people, too, aren't there, Mr. Plank? Such curious-looking women, some of them—quite pretty, too, in a certain way. Are you hungry, St—Mr. Siward?"

"*Are* you, St—Mr. Siward?" mimicked Leila promptly.

"I am," said Siward, laughing at Sylvia's significant color and noting Plank's direct gaze as the waiter filled Leila's slender-stemmed glass. And "nothing but Apollinaris," he said coolly, as the waiter approached him; but though his voice was easy enough, a dull patch of color came out under the cheek-bones.

"That is all I care for, either," said Sylvia with elaborate carelessness.

Plank and Leila immediately began to make conversation. Siward, his eyes bent on the glass of mineral water at his elbow, looked up in silence at Sylvia questioningly.

There was something in her face he did not quite comprehend. She made as though to speak, looked at him, hesitated, her lovely face eloquent under the impulse. Then, leaning toward him, she said:

"'And thy ways shall be my ways.'"

"Sylvia, you must not deny yourself, just because I——"

"Let me. It is the happiest thing I have ever done for myself."

"But I don't wish it."

"Ah, but I do," she said, the low, excited laughter scarcely fluttering her lips. "Listen: I never before, in all my life, gave up anything for your sake, only this one little pitiful thing."

"I won't let you!" he breathed; "it is nonsense to——"

"You must let me! Am I to be on friendly terms with—with your mortal enemy?" She was still smiling, but now her sensitive mouth quivered suddenly.

He sat silent, considering her, his restless fingers playing with his glass in which the harmless bubbles were breaking.

"I drink to your health, Stephen," she said under her breath. "I drink to your happiness, too; and—and to your fortune, and to all that you desire from fortune." And she raised her glass in the starlight, looking over it into his eyes.

"All I desire from fortune?" he repeated vaguely.

"All—almost all——"

"No, all," he demanded.

But she only raised the glass to her lips, still looking at him as she drank.

They became unreasonably gay almost immediately, though the beverage scarcely accounted for the delicate intoxication that seemed to creep into their veins. Yet it was sufficient for Siward to say an amusing thing wittily, for Sylvia to return his lead with all the delightful, unconscious brilliancy that he seemed to inspire in her—as though awaking into real life once more. All that had slumbered in her through the winter and spring, and the long, arid summer now crumbling to the edge of autumn, broke out into a delicate riot of exquisite florescence; the very sounds of her voice, every intonation, every accent, every pause, were charming surprises; her laughter was a menace; her beauty a revelation.

Leila, aware of it, exchanged glance after glance with Plank. Siward alternately the leader in it all, then the enchanted listener, bewitched, enthralled, felt care slipping from his shoulders like a mantle, and sadness exhaling from a heart that was beating strongly, steadily, fearlessly—as a heart should beat in the breast of him who has taken at last his fighting chance. He took it now, under her eyes, for honor, for manhood, and for the ideal which had made manhood no longer an empty term muttered in desperation by a sick body, and a mind too sick to control it.

Yes, at last the lifelong battle was on. He knew it. He knew, too, whatever his fate, with her or without her, he must always go on with the battle for the safeguarding of that manhood the consciousness of which she had aroused.

Lingering over the fruit, the champagne breaking in the glasses standing on the table between them, rim to rim, Leila and Plank had fallen into a low, desultory, yet guarded exchange of words and silences.

Sylvia sprang up and pushed her chair into the farther corner against the balcony rail, where no light fell except the radiance of the stars. Here Siward joined her, dragging his chair around so that it faced her as she leaned back, tilted against a shadowy column.

"Is *this* Bohemianism, Stephen? If it is, I rather like it. Don't you? You are going to smoke now, aren't you? Ah, that is delightful!" daintily sniffing the aroma from his cigarette. "It always reminds me of you—there on the cliffs, that first day. Do you remember? . . . You *say* you remember. . . . Oh, of course there's nothing else to say when a girl asks you . . . is there? Oh, I won't argue with you, if you insist that you do remember. You will not be like any other man if you do, that's all. . . . The little things that women remember! . . . And believe that men remember! It is pitiful in a way. There! I am not going to spill over, and I don't care a copper penny whether you really *do* remember or not! . . . Yes, I *do* care! . . . Oh, *all* women care. It is their first disappointment to learn how much a man can forget and still remember to care for them—a little! . . . Stephen, I said *a little;* and that is all that you are permitted to care for me; isn't it? . . . Please, don't. You are deliberately beginning to say things! . . . Stephen, you silly! you are making love to me!"

In the darkness his hand encountered hers on the wooden rail, and the tremor of the contact silenced her. She freed one finger, then let it rest with its slender fellow-prisoners. There was no use in trying to speak just then—utterly useless her voice in the soft, rounded throat imprisoned by the swelling pulses that tightened and hammered and tightened.

Years seemed to fall away from her, slipping back, back into girlhood, into childhood, drawing not her alone on the gliding tide, but carrying him with her. An exquisite languor held her.

Drifting deliciously, her eyes sometimes meeting his, sometimes lost in the magic of her reverie, she lay there in her chair, her unresisting fingers locked in his.

Odd little thoughts came hovering into her reverie—thoughts that seemed distantly familiar, the direct, unconscious impulses of a child. To feel was once more the only motive for expression; to think fearlessly was once more inherent; to desire was to demand—unlock her lips, naïvely, and ask for what she wished.

Under the spell, she turned her blue gaze on him, and her lips parted without a tremor:

"What do you offer for what you ask? And do you still ask it? Is it *me* you are asking me for? Because you love me? And what do you give—love?"

"Weigh it with the—other," he said.

"I have—often—every moment since I have known you. And what a winter!" Her voice was almost inaudible. "*What* a winter—without you!"

"That is ended for me, too. Sylvia, I know what I ask. And I ask. I know what I offer. Will you take it?"

"Yes," she said.

He rose blindly. She stood up, pale, wide-eyed, confronting him, stammering out the bargain:

"I take all—all—every virtue, every vice of you! I give all—all—all I have been, all I am, all I shall be! Is that enough? Oh, if there were only more to give! Stephen, if there were only more!"

Her hands had fallen into his, and they looked each other in the eyes.

Suddenly, through the hush of the enchanted moment, a sullen sound broke—the sound of a voice they knew, threateningly raised, louder and louder, growling, profanely menacing.

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"When visiting the city several years ago I became acquainted with the woman bookkeeper in this establishment, and a warm friendship ensued. She was anxious to take a month's holiday, but could find no one to take her place.

"At her suggestion, I accompanied her to the office each day for a week, studying the theory of bookkeeping at night, and then I took her place temporarily.

"I was bright and quick in my manner, but my chief attraction was my hair, which I could roll, knot, twist and twirl into all sorts of fantastic ways in an amazingly short time. When I had nothing else to do at the office I used to stand before a mirror with a hand-glass on a bracket, and an assortment of combs, and try effects. Ideas in regard to new arrangements of the hair came into my head, and I took a few lessons in drawing in the evenings so that I could illustrate my ideas. I showed my work to the proprietors and was offered good pay for my designs. I then suggested that photographs should be taken of my head showing various styles of dressing the hair and the use of fancy combs, that cuts be made and sent to all dealers in these articles, and that illustrated advertisements be placed in the principal city papers. I became intensely interested in the work and new ideas followed rapidly.

"The volume of business became so great that the company had to seek larger premises, and they showed their appreciation of my efforts by offering me a partnership." —*C. L.*

More Nerve than Common-Sense

WHEN I came to the city I was far from being prepared to fight the battles which confront a young man. After tramping the streets in search of an office position I at last secured work typewriting invoices. My knowledge of a typewriter was very limited. I was just merely acquainted with the keyboard and a perfect stranger with speed. At the end of the first week I was told that I should be discharged as incompetent.

My meal-ticket was punched full of holes, and I had to make a desperate struggle to hold on. I said that the slowness of my work was due to the dilapidated machine and the poorly-written bills. My plea was so pathetic that I was given another chance. I immediately hunted up a lawyer, a friend of my family, and obtained his permission to practice in his office at night. The following Saturday my "walking papers" were placed in the waste-basket.

But I was not satisfied. I wanted to be a stenographer. Having neither the time nor money to attend a business college, I paid two dollars for a book on shorthand. I carried the book with me on the street car, took it with me to lunch, made it my sole companion. At the end of a few weeks I had acquired a sufficient knowledge of the principles to make outlines. Then, with pencil and pad, I took down every bit of stray conversation that happened to float my way. Signs and billboards were good lessons when there were no sounds to be recorded. I simply lived on shorthand. I was putting into execution a wonderful principle of concentration.

But this training was not the kind I needed for quick results. After considerable thought I devised a scheme, which caused a business man to say that I had more nerve than common-sense.

I watched the want columns of the newspapers, clipping all the ads for "Stenographers Wanted." My lunch hour came early, which gave me the desired opportunity to put my scheme into practice. At that hour I would call upon the firm wanting a stenographer and never failed to be requested to take two or three letters. That was just what I was after. I wanted practice more than the position. But these calls were attended with most strenuous experiences. I had no speed at all, and then when I finished I could not read half what I had written.

The occasion which brought out the remark was on my sixth practice lesson. The serious old gentleman who gave me the dictation grew quite angry when I tried to mumble over what he had dictated. Then I tried to cool him off by telling him of my scheme to get practice, and, before he had time to throw me out, I told him of my struggles to get up. When I left he invited me to come and see him when I had finished my novel course of instruction.

At the end of two months I had grown so proficient and had learned so many things about business that I turned down many positions offered me. I wanted to get into a business where there would be a chance for the future. Finally I went back to the man who had admired my nerve, and, when I showed him I had a little bit of common-sense, he gave me a position.

—*C. S. P.*

The Good Foreman

DURING ten years' experience both as a foreman and as a contractor employing foremen I naturally made a good many mistakes, some which I saw and corrected at the time; others which I realized only after the harm was past mending.

One of the first of these came from an overzealousness to see the work move along. I was foreman over a gang of about forty laborers who were excavating for a new building. I was down among the men, working like a beaver, when the contractor came along, and I naturally thought he would be pleased to see me hustling so hard. To my surprise, however, he kicked.

"I can get plenty of men at two dollars a day to use a pick and shovel," he said; "but I am paying you three dollars a day to use your head. When you get down in the pit and go to shoveling dirt you are cheating me out of ten cents an hour, and the men are working without a boss and likely losing me several times that amount."

My own observation afterward proved to me that he was right.

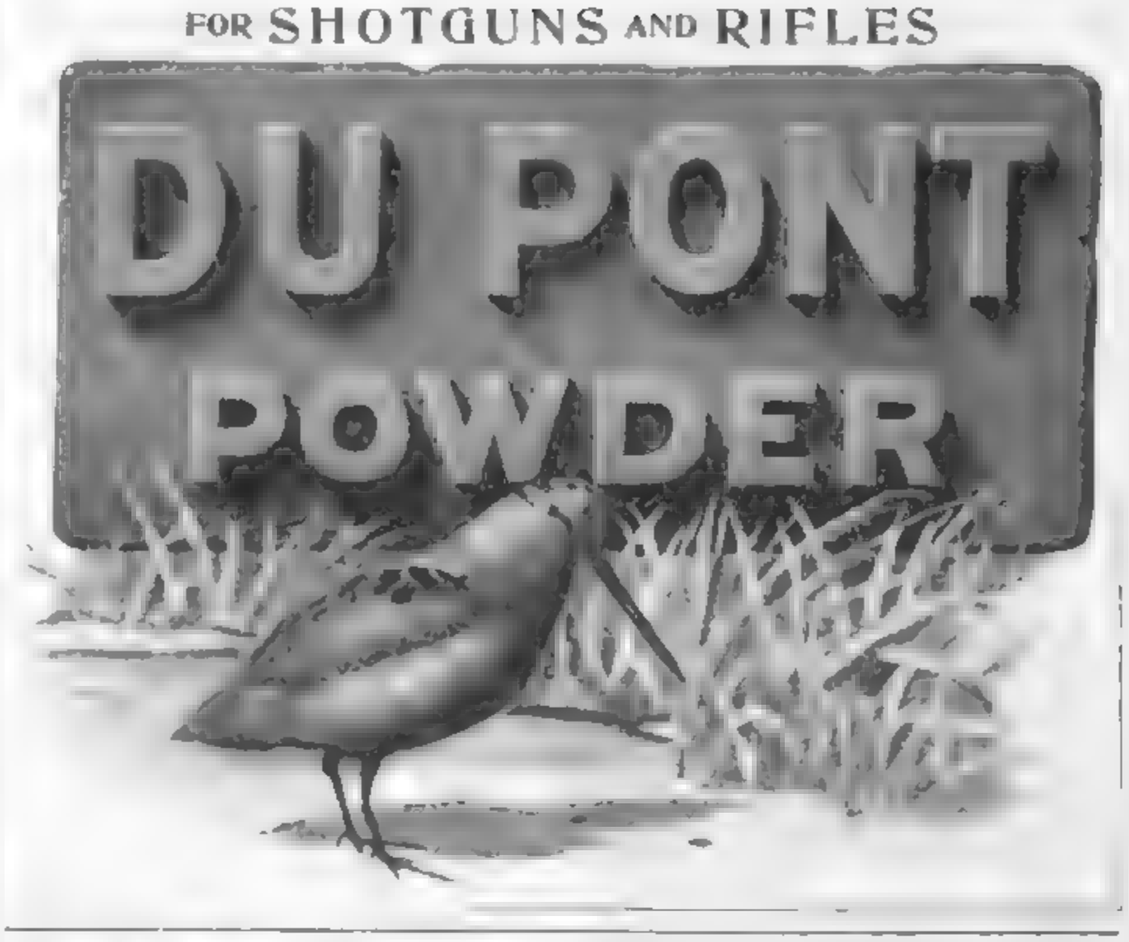
Another thing I was inclined to do was to talk too much. The men were always willing to stop to hear what I had to say and I could hardly censure them for listening to me when I spoke. Yet, if a foreman says only just what is necessary the men are apt to size him up as a sour kind of a fellow, and he will not get as much work from them as he would if he were more friendly. I finally adopted the plan of saying as little as possible during work-hours, but led the men to discuss the progress of the work and kindred topics during the noon-hour, or else I walked with two or three of the best men on their way home in the evening. I soon noticed a spirit of emulation among the men to be among that two or three, and, as it was always the best workers that I favored thus, it put them to striving to excel one another, which was just what I wanted.

It always seemed an injustice to me to pay a gang of men all the same wages when some of them, either on account of their superior muscle, or, as was more often the case, on account of their superior intelligence, were worth nearly twice as much as others. And, after I became a contractor myself, I started in to pay a graded scale of wages, according to the ability of the man. But, although I cautioned the men whom I paid the higher wages to keep the fact to themselves, they could not refrain from boasting and thus causing discontent among the others. Finally I hit on a plan, and one evening put it to the test by telling one of my best men, a wiry little Irishman, that I would pay him two dollars and a half a day from that date until the rest of the gang found it out. His eyes twinkled.

"Begorra! They will be gray-headed first," he said.

These few incidents will give one an idea of the kind of a man it takes to handle men. He must handle his men as a general would handle troops, and the name "Captain of Industry" is never better deserved than by a good foreman. My greatest trouble was that, just about the time I got the kind of a foreman I wanted, and got him thoroughly acquainted with the work, he was very apt to go into business for himself, and this kept me looking over my gang all the time for new material. Men of ordinary ability were nearly always plenty, but I was never without a vacancy for a man who gave any promise of making a good foreman.

W. D. B.



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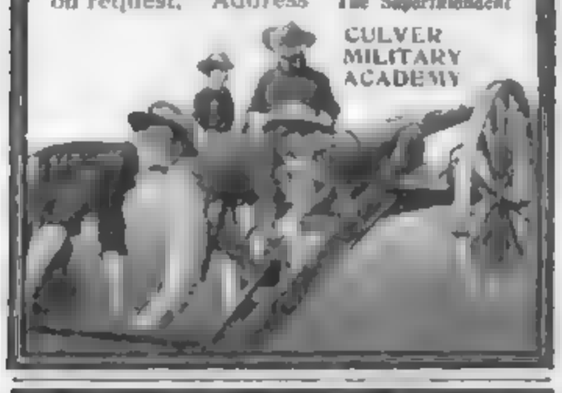

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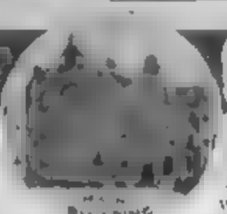

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MISS JENNINGS' COMPANION

(Continued from Page 6)

Nurse Jennings stood staring into the woman's eyes. Her first impulse was to ring the bell for the Steward and send for the ship's doctor. Sudden insanity, the result of acute hysteria, was not uncommon in women leading sedentary lives who had gone through a heavy strain, and the troubles of this poor Sister had, she saw, unseated her reason.

"Don't talk so—calm yourself. No one is seeking you. You ought to lie down. Come——"

"Yes, I know you think I am crazy—I am crazy—crazy from a horrible fear that stares me in the face—from a spectre that——"

"Sister, you *must* lie down! I'll ring for the Doctor and he——"

Sister Teresa sprang forward and caught the hand of the Nurse before it touched the bell.

"Stop! *Stop!*—or all will be lost! I am not a Sister—I am the scene-painter—the father of that girl! See!" And he threw back his hood, uncovering his head and exposing his short-cropped hair.

Nurse Jennings turned quickly and looked her companion searchingly in the face. The surprise had been so great that for an instant her breath left her. Then slowly the whole situation rushed over and upon her. This man had made use of her privacy—had imposed upon her—tricked her.

"And you—you have dared to come into this room, making me believe you were a woman and—lied to me about your Hour of Silence and all the——"

"It was the only way I could be safe. You and everybody else would detect me if I did not shave and fix up my face. You said a minute ago the dark rings had gone from my eyes—it is this paint-box that did it. Think of what it would mean to me to be taken—and my little girl! Don't—don't judge me wrongly! When I get to New York I promise never to see you again—no one will ever know. If you had been my own sister I could not have treated you with more respect since I have been in the room. I will do anything you wish—to-night I will sleep on the floor—anything, if——"

"To-night! Not another hour will you stay here. I will go to the Purser at once and——"

"You mean to turn me out?"

"Yes."

"Oh, merciful God! Don't! Listen—you *must* listen. Let me stay! What difference should it make to you. You have nursed hundreds of men. You have saved many lives. Save mine—give me back my little girl! She can come to me in Quebec and then we can get away somewhere in America and be safe. I can still pass as a Sister and she as a child in my charge until I can find some place where I can throw off my disguise. See how good the real Sisters are to me; they do not condemn me. Here is a letter from the Mother Superior in Paris to the Mother Superior of a convent in Quebec. It is not forged—it is genuine. If they believe in me, why cannot you? Let me stay here, and you stay, too. You would if you could see my girl."

The sound of a heavy step was heard outside in the corridor.

Then came a quick, commanding voice: "Miss Jennings, open the door, please."

The Nurse turned quickly and made a step toward the door. The fugitive sank upon the sofa and drew the hood over his face.

Again her name rang out—this time in a way that showed them both that further delay was out of the question.

Nurse Jennings shot back the bolt.

Outside stood the First Officer.

"There has been a bad accident in the steerage. I hate to ask you, Miss Jennings, knowing how tired you are—but one of the emigrants has fallen down the forecastle hatch. The Doctor wants you to come at once."

During the rest of the voyage Nurse Jennings slept in the steerage; she would send to Number 49 during the day for her several belongings, but she never passed the night there, nor did she see her companion. The case was serious, she told the Stewardess, who came in search of her, and she dared not leave.

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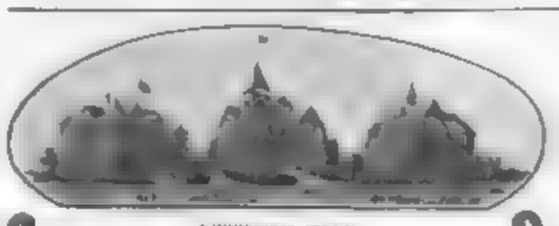

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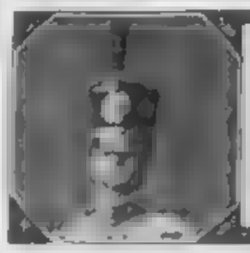

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The fugitive rarely left the stateroom. Some days he pleaded illness and had his meals brought to him; often he ate nothing.

As the day approached for the vessel to arrive in New York a shivering nervousness took possession of him. He would stand behind the door by the hour listening for her lightest footfall, hoping against hope that, after all, her heart would soften toward him. One thought absorbed him: would she betray him, and if so, when and where? Would it be to the First Officer—the friend of Hobson—or would she wait until they reached New York and then hand him over to the authorities?

Only one gleam of hope shone out illumining his doubt, and that was that she never sent to the stateroom during the Hour of Silence, thus giving him a chance to continue his disguise. Even this ray was dimmed when he began to realize as they approached their destination that she had steadily avoided him, even choosing another deck for a breath of fresh air whenever she left her patient. That she had welcomed the accident to the emigrant as an excuse for remaining away from her stateroom was evident. What he could not understand was, if she really pitied and justified him, as she had done his prototype, why she should now treat him with such suspicion. At her request he had opened his heart and had trusted her; why then could she not forgive him for the deceit of that first night—one for which he was not responsible?

Then a new thought chilled him like an icy wind: her avoidance of him was only an evidence of her purpose! Thus far she had not exposed him, because then it would be known aboard that they had shared the stateroom together. He saw it all now. She was waiting until they reached the dock. Then no one would be the wiser.

When the steamer entered her New York slip and the gangplank was hoisted aboard, another thick-set, closely-knit man pushed his way through the crowd at the rail, walked straight to the Purser and whispered something in his ear. The next moment he had glided to where the Nurse and fugitive were standing.

"This is Miss Jennings, isn't it? I'm from the Central Office," and he opened his coat and displayed the gold shield. "We've just got a cable from Hobson. He said you were on board and might help. I'm looking for a man. We've got no clew—don't know that he's on board, but I thought we'd look the list over. The Purser tells me that you helped the Doctor in the steerage—says somebody had been smashed up. Got anything to suggest?—anybody that would fit this description: 'Small man, only five-feet-six; blue eyes'"—and he read from a paper in his hand.

"No, I don't think so. I was in the steerage, of course, four or five days, and helped on a bad case, but I didn't notice anybody but the few people immediately about me."

"Perhaps, then, among the first-class passengers? Anybody peculiar there? He's a slick one, we hear, and may be working a stunt in disguise."

"No. To tell you the truth, I was so tired when I came aboard that I hardly spoke to any one—no one, really, except my dear Sister Teresa here, who shared my stateroom. They have driven her out of France and she is on her way to a convent in Quebec. I go with her as far as Montreal."

It Was His Job

I WAS sixteen and out of work; I wanted to be a machinist, but I had tried all near shops with no results. At quarter to six, one morning, mother called to me:

"Come down! Boy wanted in machine-shop on Beach Street!"

I jumped out of bed, saying: "That's my job!"

I was at the door at half-past six, found six boys ahead of me—some much larger and stronger. Soon the proprietor came and unlocked the door. The other boys followed him in the office, leaving on the step the ice, which had been left for the office use. This I picked up, carried it inside, and said:

"If you will please tell me where the cooler and hydrant are, I will take care of this for you."

The proprietor gave me a quick, searching look, gave the direction, sent the other boys away—and it was my job. —*E. C. W.*

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

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MY PROVOKING HUSBAND

(*Concluded from Page 9*)

"Tell me," he said intensely, "what purpose you have in ruining every song I write."

"Because," I said quickly, "in these songs you are not at your best; you don't express what you really feel!"

"Since when," he asked, "have you become my manager?"

"As an artist," I said, "my success is bound with yours. Why should you not write your best and let me sing my best? Why waste our time with sentimental dream-women that both of us know to be false? Write a new song—and please, please, please make it tell what you feel!"

Well—he did write a song, and he dedicated it to his wife; but the moment I read it I knew it was really to me! I sang it. And when I finished he was silent.

"We need no rehearsals," he said.

. . . . . .

Now this provoking genius did a strange thing. For two weeks he gave not a thought to his music. He tried only to find that wife of his. He even cabled to all her old friends and relations in different towns of Hungary. It was her last chance!

And again, little by little, as I sang his songs each night, I held his eyes with mine, I forced my old self out, my new self in. The end was swiftly coming.

When all at once came something else. I had been careless—blind! Deceitful man—all unknown to me he had been writing a light opera. It was accepted! And he told me one day at rehearsal. In a month he was going to Hungary for the summer, to finish the opera there.

In a flash I saw my chance—the climax, the test of all my efforts! Would he take me into the opera-work?

In desperation one night I asked him to come to see me.

All through the day I made ready at home, with the Manager excited as I. We created a dazzling Hungarian gipsy costume of dull, soft gold, bright blues and whites.

My husband came. When he saw my dress he started slightly, but I laughed and went to the piano.

"Quick!" I cried. "Play! I want you to hear—*my* idea of a love-song!"

I sang the song he himself had sung to me back in the mountains—the very first he had written, when I was no dream! I finished—and faced him.

"Will you leave me now?" I asked, my voice shaking in spite of me. "Or shall I go on—into your—your opera?"

His face was rigid.

"I do want you—in this—opera. But—the heroine is—my wife. How can *you* take *her* part? In you I feel—some secret, something mocking—false!"

"Let me sing!" I whispered.

He played. And as I listened trembling—suddenly I knew he was mine—all mine! For never had he played as now!

Without waiting for words, I sang. My voice mingled with his music. On and on and on—my soul closer and closer to his! Together at last—for the first time!

"What are you?" he cried, stopping sharply and wheeling round. "That is all I want to know! What are you? I care for *nothing else!*"

I wrenched my hands from his. The next instant I had turned the light out. Pitch darkness! He rose, startled.

I was in the other room. The Manager was swiftly, excitedly dressing me in the clothes of his immigrant wife. That marvelous hair was removed. We finished. I slipped back into the dark.

"Now play!" I cried.

At my voice I felt him start up, because now for the first time in months I had spoken in our native tongue, in my old natural voice. I put my hands on his shoulders; I forced him to the piano, and the next moment I was singing. I hardly know what I sang! His chords stopped. I was in his arms!

I heard the old Manager chuckle. The room was suddenly lighted.

"My—my—my wife!" he whispered

"The opera! Will you take me?"

And the answer took a long time.

. . . . . .

All at once, in the other room, little Yoshka Junior awoke—and howled. His father started up!

"Don't," I murmured, "you know—*your* baby—*never* cried!"

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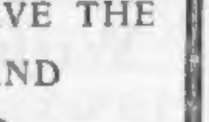

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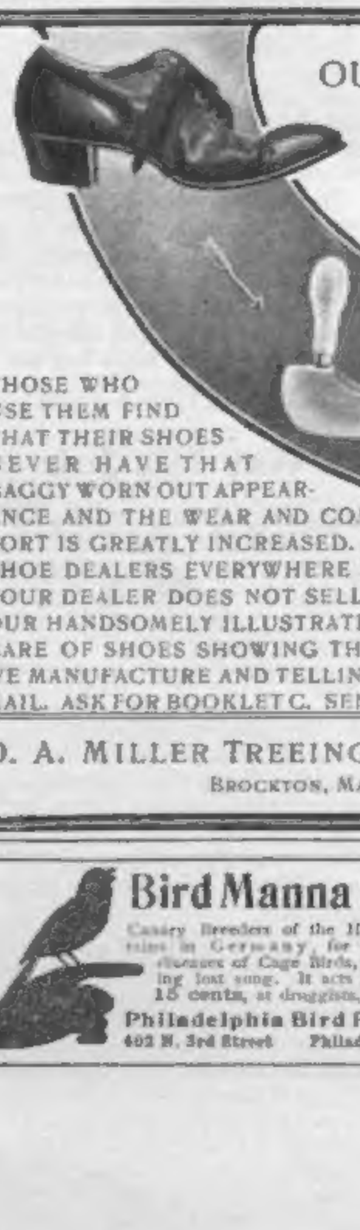

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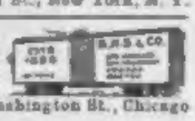

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